

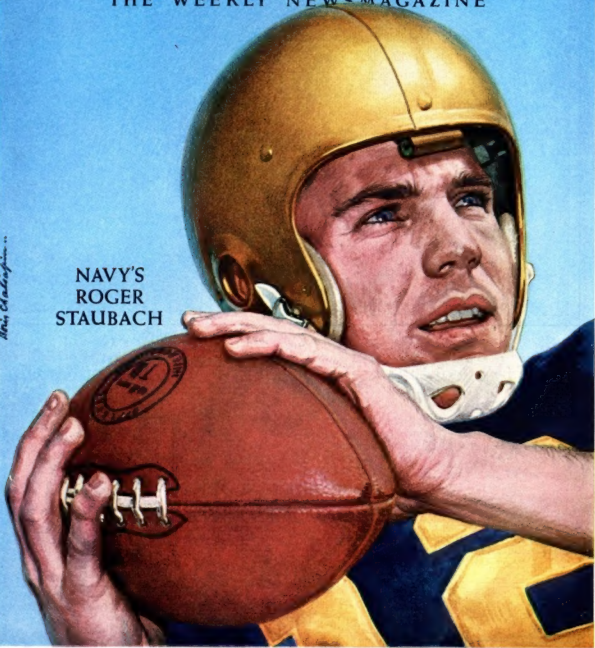
THOSE COLLEGE QUARTERBACKS

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

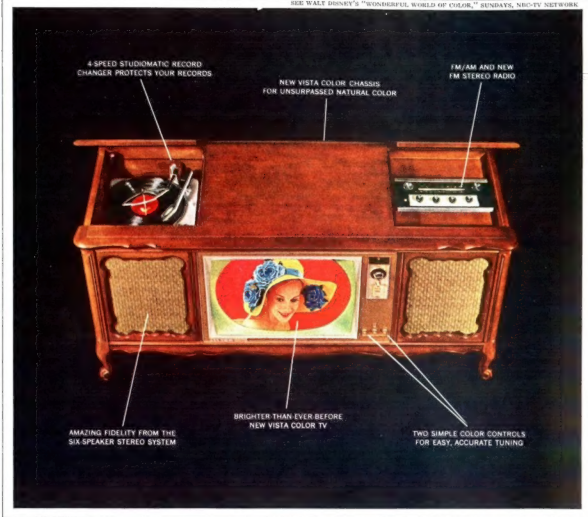
NAVY'S
ROGER
STAUBACH

Archie Clavin



VOL. 82 NO. 16

OCTOBER 18, 1963



The Antoinette with authentic French Provincial lowboy styling

How to select the world's finest home entertainment bargain

In a home entertainment center you get TV, stereo phonograph and radio. So be sure to choose a brand that excels in all three!

For your TV you'll certainly want color. So remember—RCA Victor developed and perfected color TV. RCA Victor Color TV has been *performance-proved* in hundreds of thousands of homes. And 1964 New Vista® TV gives you unsurpassed natural color . . . brighter than ever before!

As for the stereo phonograph,

RCA Victor's experience dates back to the earliest days of the famous "Victrola"® phonograph. More people own RCA Victor phonographs than any other kind!

In the FM/AM radio, RCA Victor offers outstanding sound reproduction, automatic frequency control, slide-rule vernier tuning and static-free FM sound. Many models have FM stereo radio, too! See the latest in Home Entertainment Centers at your RCA Victor dealer now.



Quality black and white TV entertainment center—the Searthome—\$399.95—manufacturer's nationally advertised price, optional with dealer. Slightly higher some areas West, South, UHF optional extra. Prices, specifications subject to change.



The Most Trusted Name in Electronics

TM&©1964



Aptarist Millard Stahlman runs a honey-producing business in Buhl, Idaho

"Life insurance? I'm banking on my bees!"

"But a MONY man showed I could build cash . . . like money in the bank. Then I got interested!"



Millard Stahlman talks it over with Ross Prather, C.L.U.

"See these bees?" I asked MONY man Ross Prather. "The bee business is security for my family. I don't need insurance!"

"But Ross sure opened my eyes. He showed how a MONY plan would guarantee protection for my family . . . while it is building up cash for my own retirement or some emergency."

"No one had ever explained that part of it! I not only started his plan . . . I've even taken out some insurance

for my son, Jerry, to give him a start on his own MONY program."

"Ross also started us on a program of MONY Health Insurance. I rely on his advice, now. I've got real respect for his approach to insurance . . . and the way MONY handles it."

MONY MEN CARE FOR PEOPLE.
They'll be glad to discuss both life and health insurance, and are well trained to work out a plan to help you. For more information about MONY insurance, mail coupon at right.

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STATE

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The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, N.Y. Life, Health, Group Insurance, Pension Plans. Sales and Service Offices throughout the United States, in Canada, and serving our Armed Forces in Western Europe.



You'll never know you ran over it

A General Dual 90 seals punctures instantly

You can forget flats. A special triple sealant plugs up a puncture at once. Does it permanently. And does it while you keep right on driving.

You can forget blowouts. Nygen Cords embrace this great tire like steel cables.

But you'll never forget dual treads. Stop. Swerve. Merge. Or pass. You'll always feel safe because you'll be safe. The traction is terrific.

And you'll really cash in when you count up the mileage you get. 30% more than ever before. And "before"

broke mileage records for 4 straight years. The reason? Amazing new Duragen, General's exclusive new rubber. It's super-tough.

This may well be the first tire you couldn't wear out before you traded your car in.



THE SIGN OF TOMORROW...TODAY



"How's this for a coffee break ... Hot 'n Cold 'n Handy!"

It's a new kind of coffee break for everybody! Gets coffee drinkers piping hot water for instant coffee, tea, chocolate... and...

refrigerated water for instant cold beverages. We call it an Oasis Break. It happens at the Oasis Hot 'n Cold Thirst Aid Station and cuts coffee-break time out drastically. Keep your coffee-break figures in the black with an Oasis Hot 'n Cold. (We make the famous Oasis Standard Water Coolers, too.)

Send for certificate for free beverage pack and our new booklet, "OASIS MAKES WATER A BUSINESS ASSET." Ebco Manufacturing Company, 255 North Hamilton Rd., Department A-24, Columbus 13, Ohio.

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OASIS WATER COOLERS HOT 'N COLD THIRST AID STATIONS

Oasis Water Coolers and Dehumidifiers • Products of **EBECO** • Sold or Rented Everywhere • 5-Year Warranty
TIME, OCTOBER 18, 1963

**DO YOU HAVE THIS MAN'S
SALES PROBLEM?**

*"If we had more contacts
with out-of-town customers,
we'd get a lot more sales"*

**Solution: Call them Long Distance.
It's personal, productive and low in cost!**

For example: the Mount Vernon, Ill., branch of Jones & McKnight, Inc., found that telephoning customers and suppliers improved its efficiency and increased its sales.

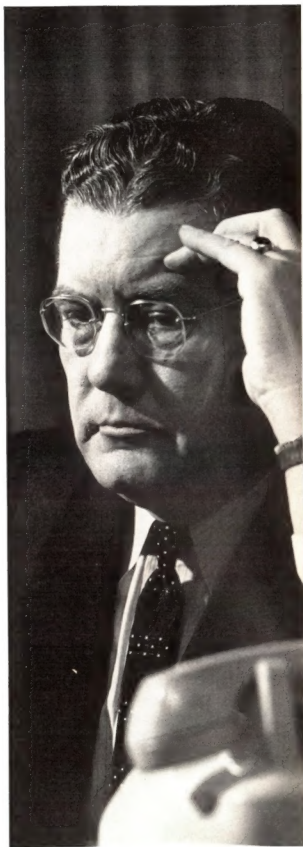
Says Earl Kreuger, Branch Manager: "With Long Distance calls, we iron out problems, arrange for rush orders and follow through quickly in the early stages of a sale—and avoid wasting precious hours later on."

Couldn't this use of Long Distance help you in *your* sales operation?

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Solve business problems with communications





The Gold Bond difference:

Ceiling tiles that fight fire as well as noise

Gold Bond Fire-Shield acoustical ceiling tiles and panels prevent spread of flame for one, two, three hours. Prevent noise spread, too—up to 80% when they're Solitude. And with Gold Bond Acoustiroc you can cut days off building time. It's so resistant to moisture, it can go up before the plaster's dry. In fact, there's little you can't do with Gold Bond fire-rated acoustical tiles and panels. Because you have so many types, sizes and patterns to do things with.

Gold Bond materials and methods make the difference in modern building

There is even a new ventilating tile that permits air circulation over your entire ceiling and completely eliminates ceiling air diffusers. Want fire protection *plus* for your next new building or remodeling job? Sound the alarm. Call your Gold Bond® Representative. Or write to Department T-103, National Gypsum Company, Buffalo 25, New York.





MAYBE YOU'RE NOT IN LOVE WITH OUR BEST-LOVED PATTERN

More people choose Chantilly than any other sterling silver design.

In fact, since 1831 more Gorham patterns have been chosen than those of any other silver maker! That's not at all surprising when you take time to notice the fine artistry of Gorham Sterling.

Each piece is an original design. Pure in concept. Perfectly executed. (The enormous pride and skill

of our craftsmen would amaze you.)

Study the six forks shown here. Better still, visit the fine stores where sterling is on display and see their full selection of Gorham designs.

You'll like what you see. And we're sure you'll love one of the Gorham designs more than all the others. Why wait another moment to own your favorite? It doesn't have to be Chantilly.

GORHAM STERLING

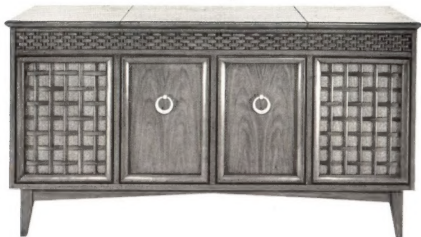
AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS SINCE 1831 • THE GORHAM COMPANY, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND



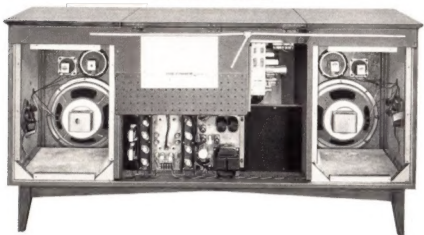
TOP TO BOTTOM: SEA ROSE • ROSE TIARA • CLASSIQUE • STRASSBOURG • RONDO

WITH GORHAM'S SET SAVINGS PLAN, SERVICES-FOR-EIGHT START AT \$180 FTL PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

Body



and soul



by Fisher

THIS is the age of stereophonic high fidelity. The faithful music lover in search of the ideal radio-phonograph is no longer content with the body beautiful. Not even when its magnificent body of a Fisher stereophonic high fidelity console. Inevitably he must look for the electronic essence. And in a Fisher he finds it.

Fisher is the only maker of stereophonic consoles who is, at the same time, the leading manufacturer of separate high fidelity components. These separate Fisher tuners, amplifiers and speakers have been the first choice of professional users and technically-informed sound enthusiasts since the dawn of the high fidelity era. Your favorite FM station most probably monitors and relays its

own broadcasts with Fisher equipment. And under the wood of a Fisher console you will find nothing less than these world-famous Fisher component designs.

The Ambassador VI shown here is a perfect example. It employs six highly-specialized loudspeakers (three for each stereo channel), an extremely powerful 75-watt transistorized stereo power amplifier, a master audio control center, a Garrard 4-speed automatic turntable with Pickering stereo cartridge and diamond stylus and a highly sensitive AM-FM-Multiplex stereo tuner. The cabinet is crafted of superb hand-rubbed woods of rare beauty and richness.

Fisher stereophonic high fidelity instruments are available in 10 basic models

and 43 different styles and finishes priced from \$359.50 to \$2,695. (Prices slightly higher in the West.) For your free copy of the 28-page, full-color Fisher Console Catalogue and the name of the nearest franchised dealer, mail the coupon below.

Fisher Radio Corporation
P.O. Box 1001
Long Island City 1, N. Y.

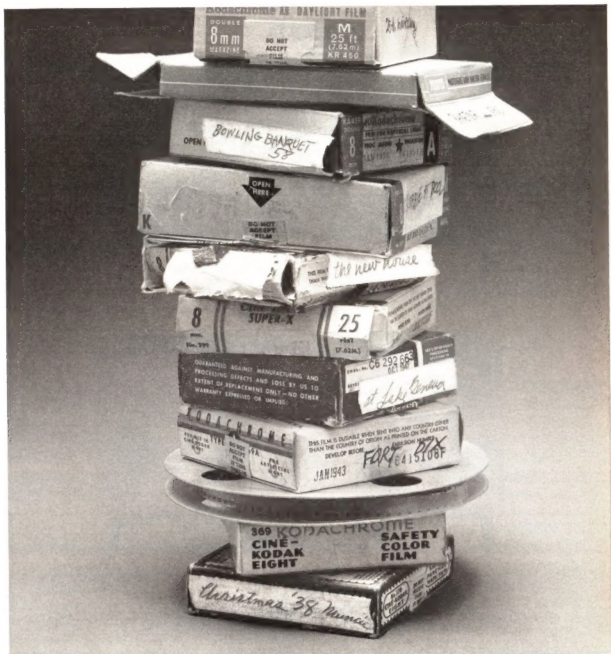
Please send me, without charge, the illustrated color catalogue describing the complete 1964 line of Fisher stereophonic high fidelity consoles.



Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____



Teach your old film new tricks

There's more in your movies than there was last time you looked ... you'll see when you show them on Bell & Howell's new Autoload® projector. Instant slow motion's the big reason. It's like being able to shoot the scene all over again, this time as you show it. Slow motion adds comedy to shots of a tottering baby, brings out almost unseen details in action scenes, smooths out sweeping scenic

shots. Scene too short . . . faces flit past? Flick! and slow motion doubles the time on each face! Why not take your oldest reel of film down to a Bell & Howell dealer and see it on a Bell & Howell instant slow motion projector. You'll be looking at a brand new film. Instant slow motion projectors thread themselves, automatically. Versatile Autoload models start under \$145.

Bell & Howell brings out the expert in you (automatically!)



FLIGHT PLAN CLEARED—PROCEED TO THUNDERBIRD.

Move the Swing-Away steering wheel over, slide into the cockpit—and you're ready to soar. New "shell-design" contoured front seats cradle you in luxurious comfort—and give rear seat passengers more foot room. On the flight deck a warning light reminds you to fasten the retractable seat belt. Optional lights tell you when fuel is low, when a door is ajar. A unique new Silent-Flo ventilation system controls cabin atmosphere. Try the irresistible surge of a 300-h.p. Thunderbird V-8, the incomparable smoothness of an in-flight ride and you'll know why . . . other cars you drive . . . this one you Thunderbird!

Thunderbird 
unique in all the world



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THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE

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50 JET FLIGHTS WEEKLY

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70 JET FLIGHTS WEEKLY

Greece
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25 JET FLIGHTS WEEKLY

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Holidays**

SKI & SUN

AND AIR-
SEA CRUISES

*More Jets
FROM PARIS
To More Cities
in EUROPE
THAN ANY OTHER
AIRLINE*

**SEE YOUR
TRAVEL
AGENT
FIRST**



TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, October 16

CBS REPORTS (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).*
Author Jessica Mitford (*The American Way of Death*) and other critics of U.S. funeral practices.

SAGA OF WESTERN MAN (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Fredric March portrays Christopher Columbus.

THE DANNY KAYE SHOW (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Guests: Mary Tyler Moore and Eddie Foy Jr.

Friday, October 18

BOB HOPE PRESENTS THE CHRYSLER THEATRE (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Jeff Hunter plays a handsome hitchhiker who gets in trouble for appealing too much to the sheriff's wife. Color.

Saturday, October 19

THE LIEUTENANT (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Lieutenant Rice (Gary Lockwood) finds he is deathly afraid of flying.

THE DEFENDERS (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). Howard Da Silva and Chester Morris guest-star in this episode about a corrupt judge.

Sunday, October 20

DISCOVERY (ABC, 12:30-1 p.m.). Documentary on the Arizona desert.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). Report on the Soviet fishing vessels off the U.S. coasts. Repeat.

HALLMARK HALL OF FAME (NBC, 6-7:30 p.m.). Maurice Evans, Richard Burton, Roddy McDowall and Lee Remick star in Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. Color. Repeat.

WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). An aging bobcat struggles to regain mastery of his domain. Color.

Monday, October 21

CRISIS: BEHIND A PRESIDENTIAL COMMITMENT (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). One of two TV films recently shown at the New York Film Festival, this documentary follows President Kennedy and Attorney General Robert Kennedy through critical moments of the June integration crisis at the University of Alabama.

EAST SIDE WEST SIDE (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). New York Mets Catcher Jesse Gonder is held up as a model to a group of problem Puerto Rican teen-agers.

RECORDS

BACH: THE SIX PARTITAS (Columbia). Musical paleontologists are invariably scandalized by Glenn Gould's approach to Bach: he plays the sublime master with more love of the living than respect for the dead. Such inspired impishness occasionally leads him astray, but here his genius conspires with his artistry, matching a deep rapport with the spirit of the music with a lofty regard for the voice of the piano.

BACH: THE GOLDBERG VARIATIONS, Vols. I and II (London). Harpsichordist George Malcolm never disobeys his metronome or his score, and the glimmer of life that survives has all the dignity of age with none of the frailties.

BACH FOR HARPSICHORD (Columbia). Fernando Valenti has a lyrical touch for his mechanical instrument and just the blithe

spirit to go with it. More musical than Malcolm, more guarded than Gould, Valenti plays a textbook Bach with joy and devotion.

STRAUSS: EIN HELDENLEBEN (RCA Victor). Were it not for Wagner, there could have been no Strauss, and were it not for Strauss, there could be no proper use for an orchestra as mightily sonorous as the Boston Symphony Orchestra can become when Conductor Erich Leinsdorf is in a mood to encourage grandeur. Here, Leinsdorf's orchestra is at its heroic best and so, as a result, is Strauss's music.

PROKOFIEV: SYMPHONY NO. 6 (Columbia). Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra offer a vivid portrait of Prokofiev's worries at their blackest.

SCHOENBERG: SERENADE FOR SEPTET AND BASS VOICE (London). The Melos Ensemble of London, with Bass John Case, presents the immediate precursor of Schoenberg's completely twelve-tone music.

MEINELSDORF: INCIDENTAL MUSIC TO A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM (RCA Victor). Leinsdorf and the B.S.O. are the principal ornaments of a handsome production number that includes two engravings (suitable for framing) and a text inside a record jacket big enough to be a small child's bed.

THEATER

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING, by Arnold Wesker, fights the class war at an R.A.F. base during a conscript training cycle. The play is good-humored, brisk, abrasive, and a scorching evening of theater.

HERE'S LOVE, Meredith Willson's *Musical Man* bounce has deserted him in this musical adaptation of the movie *Miracle on 34th Street*. It may be Christmas time in the script, but the show has all the festive gaiety of a lead balloon.

THE REHEARSAL is one of the most brilliant and bitter black comedies yet written by French Playwright Jean Anouilh. In it, some worldly French aristocrats ferret out and destroy the true love that exists between a count and a governess.

LUTHER, by John Osborne, is dominated by Albert Finney's magnificent portrayal, fiery in ardor, tormented by doubt and intoxicated by God. Playwright Osborne's error lies in suggesting that Protestantism owes more to Luther's gripping instincts than to his vaulting intellect.

CINEMA

MY LIFE TO LIVE. In his fourth film, the first to reach the U.S. since *Breathless*, French Director Jean-Luc Godard has compiled another dazzling textbook of cinema technique, and has composed a lyric poem of images about a woman who sells her body and saves her soul.

THE RUNNING MAN, not to be confused with *The Third Man*, *Odd Man Out*, or *Our Man in Havana*, is another exciting *Munhant* directed by Britain's Sir Carol Reed, but the trick this time is to know who is hunting whom.

THE V.I.P.S. Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Louis Jourdan, Orson Welles, Rod Taylor and Margaret Rutherford spend the night in an airport, and believe it or not, they seem to enjoy the experience. So do the customers.

THE CONJUGAL BED. A very funny, very salty Italian tale about a middle-aged man (Ugo Tognazzi) who marries a



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How? Simply fly with a group of 25 or more people and take advantage of Air France Group Fares. To Paris alone you save \$193 or more over the Standard Economy Fare. And there are comparable savings to other cities. Yet you enjoy the same superb French cuisine and service aboard the same, swift Air France Jets. The perfect way to see Europe and save. Even more perfect are Air France Group Fares in conjunction with a Jet-Away Holiday. Ski tours are the most popular in the fall and winter. But there are loads of others to choose from. Get full details about Air France fares and tours from your Travel Agent today. Or call your nearest Air France office.

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\$461.00/FE 5-2151

ST. LOUIS

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Group Fares quoted valid for each person in a group of 25 or more people traveling together and good all year except during peak-season weekends. Fare via connecting carrier included where applicable.

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE

* All times E.D.T.



Genuine economy should rightly be measured by how much more you get...rather than how much you spend. In terms of leather value, Florsheim shoes are a value because you are buying finer shoes in this size place, and spending less in the long run. That's just one reason why more men wear Florsheim Shoes than all other quality makes combined.

Hand M. G. Florsheim
PRESIDENT
THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY



IF IT ISN'T ALL LEATHER—
IT ISN'T

FLORSHEIM

Quality

More men wear Florsheim Shoes than all other quality makes combined because Florsheims are built better to wear better and cost less in the long run.

Left: The PLATEAU, 21703; raised seam front blucher in black calf; in *Perfection*, 31733.
Right: The PLATEAU, 21047; raised front seam slip-on in black calf; in *Perfection*, 31048.

Most Florsheim styles \$1995 to \$2495

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 6 • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

young girl (Marina Vlady) and makes an embarrassing discovery: the flowers that bloom in the spring, trala, are pretty to look at but tiring to pick.

THE MUSIC ROOM. Another fine film from India's Satyajit Ray (the *Apu* trilogy): the tragedy of a snob who dissipates a fortune to impress a man he despises.

THE SUITOR. This slap-happy story about a young man in a hurry to get married is a magnificent catalogue of sight gags, all of them written, directed and personally interpreted by a young French funnyman named Pierre Etaix.

BOOKS

Best Reading

SAINT GENET, by Jean-Paul Sartre. The eminent existentialist argues that Jean Genet, thief, pederast, poet, pornographer, playwright (*The Blacks*), is a walking allegory of modern man.

THE AGE OF LOUIS XIV, by Will and Ariel Durant. The eighth volume in their study of Western civilization covers the age when scientific thought made its first, disconcerting assault on traditional religious thought.

THE FAIR SISTER, by William Goyen. A white Texan peers behind the façades of the store-front cathedrals in the Negro ghettos of great East Coast cities and finds a world of religion, chicanery and entertainment that only Negroes know from the inside. The novel's heroine, part prophetess, part charlatan, is all woman.

CHARLOTTE, by Charlotte Salomon. A touching, visual diary of one Jewish family's persecution and extermination by the Nazis, painted by Charlotte just before her death in Auschwitz in 1943.

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT FROST TO LOUIS UNTERMEYER. The anthologist and the poet corresponded for 46 years. Frost did the talking, Untermyer the prompting, and the result is a wonderful portrait of Frost, with all his crochets on display.

THE GROUP, by Mary McCarthy. The witty Miss McCarthy turns her attention to the lives of eight Vassar girls ('33) who converge on New York City full of energy, idealism and a great deal of naïveté, most of which they lose.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Group, McCarthy (1 last week)
2. The Shoes of the Fisherman, West (2)
3. Coreans, Mischner (3)
4. The Collector, Fowles (4)
5. On Her Majesty's Secret Service, Fleming (5)
6. Powers of Attorney, Auchincloss
7. Elizabeth Appleton, O'Hara (6)
8. Joy in the Morning, Smith (7)
9. City of Night, Rechy (8)
10. The Three Sirens, Wallace

NONFICTION

1. The American Way of Death, Mitford (1)
2. J.F.K.: The Man and the Myth, Lasky (2)
3. Roscoe, North (5)
4. My Darling Clementine, Fishman (4)
5. The Fire Next Time, Baldwin (3)
6. I Owe Russia \$1,200, Hope (6)
7. The Whole Truth and Nothing But, Hopper (8)
8. The Day They Shook the Plum Tree, Lewis (7)
9. Terrible Swift Sword, Catton (10)
10. Teacher, Ashton-Warner



Joan depends on her father. He can do anything. She will always feel this way about him. He will never become dependent upon her. His Great-West representative has helped him to protect the present, prepare for the future. *Permanent* life insurance, the unique long-term savings plan, provides protection now . . . *guaranteed* income later on. Joan's family is among thousands of American families for whom Great-West is the key to financial security.

Great-West Life
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OVER SIX BILLION DOLLARS OF PROTECTION FOR OUR POLICYHOLDERS



"Sequence of Steel." See offer below.

We recently had our steel mill painted

This is how an artist sees our steel mill—raining fire and limestone. But our customers see us another way: the nation's most flexible producer of steel. Other suppliers are hard pressed to beat our delivery, much less match our consistency. □ Acme Steel's advantage: an oxygen furnace that cooks carbon steel to order in 20 minutes . . . turns out a heat of up to 75 tons in 45 minutes. (Other methods take eight to 11 hours!) And because we produce the steel ourselves, we have complete quality control—from what goes in to what comes out. □ You get the picture. If you're a buyer of hot or cold rolled flat steel, we should be doing business.



YOURS ON REQUEST . . .
a superb 4 ft. x 2 ft. lithograph
reproduction of this beautiful oil,
"Sequence of Steel." Painted for
Acme Steel by Canadian artist
Morton Graham, whose work hangs on
permanent exhibit at the Luxembourg
Palace, Paris. Limited quantity
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We don't care how many socks you own. None of them can do as much for you as Supp-hose Socks can do.

Only Supp-hose has the patented 2-way rib that gives you the support you want and, at the very same time, makes you look good.



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WHAT'S TCA?

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Ask who? Ask any of the top six* airlines on the North American continent. They'll tell you that TCA is one of the leaders in size and in routes. (7th on the continent, 9th in the world, and Canada's largest airline.) TCA has more flights to more places in Canada than all other airlines combined—and links Canada with Britain, Europe, Bermuda, Nassau, and the Caribbean.

Next time you're bound for Canada, fly with us. You'll get there quickly, conveniently, with more time to spend at your destination. And we think you'll like TCA's thoroughness and service. May we expect you some time soon?

For reservations, see your Travel Agent or contact TCA in: Boston, New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Tampa/St. Petersburg, Miami, Detroit/Windsor, Cleveland, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, or Seattle/Tacoma.

One of the world's great airlines

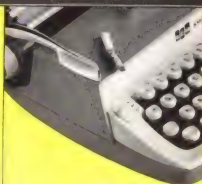
TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES  **AIR CANADA**

*United Air Lines, Trans World Airlines, Pan American World Airways,
Eastern Air Lines, Delta Air Lines, American Airlines.

Most people think portables are pretty much alike ... until they see how well built one is



Smith-Corona's steel frame is strong enough to support a grown man.



Smith-Corona's electrostatic finish won't be marred even by a burning cigarette



Smith-Corona's lightweight, steel carrying case protects against hardest knocks

No wonder Smith-Corona portables are backed by a solid five-year parts guarantee (instead of the usual 90 days). Smith-Coronas are built to last, and there are solid reasons. Take the Galaxie above. The body is steel; the vital parts are protected; even the key action is built to absorb shock. Because each key swings in a short natural arc (the way your fingers do), you use less effort and get the world's fastest typing. Does all this extra protection cost more? No! And there's a Smith-Corona in every price range. But look at all the portables yourself (including our two electrics). You'll see why more people buy American-made Smith-Coronas than any other portable typewriter.

SCM CORPORATION, 410 PARK AVE., N.Y. 22, N.Y.



WARRANTY: Any Smith-Corona portable typewriter or electric typewriter will require no additional charges for repair for labor and materials, except for parts not included within 5 years of purchase date. This 5-year charge includes damage to the machine. Excludes normal wear and tear, except for the machine parts in damage from handling or misuse. Limit extends only to original purchaser when Warranty Card is returned within 30 days of purchase.

SMITH-CORONA PORTABLES



From a collection made for Bankers Trust Company by Henri Cartier-Bresson. Magnum

Inspector. This gentleman needs clear vision in his job at Bankers Trust. He approves and controls transactions in the Securities Clearance Division. Securities require close inspection. So do financial problems. At Bankers Trust, we give careful examination to the problems of businessmen, large and small. If you're in need of financial help, inspect the ideas available at Bankers Trust.

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Good news, seven. These new Hathaway shirts are woven of Dacron polyester fiber and cotton. No ironing needed. Only \$8.95.

Hathaway presents five new Dacron-cotton sport shirts in brave and brilliant shades—and in your exact sleeve length



"Why in heaven's name shouldn't a sport shirt fit as well as a *business* shirt?" asks Hathaway.

Trouble is, a good many men just aren't built to wear ordinary sport shirts. Either the sleeves hang too low or too high. Or the collar doesn't settle exactly right. Or the shoulders bind.

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HATHAWAY'S NEW SPORT SHIRTS COME IN THESE 5 SPRIGHTLY COLORS—AND A FEW MORE

LETTERS

The View from Saigon

Sir: The Saigon skinback [Oct. 11] was the longest-windedest in TIME's clitic trenchant history. I'm with the newsmen in the field.

HERB BRIN
Editor

Heritage Publishing Co.
Los Angeles

Sir: Having followed your coverage of Viet Nam and the Ngo family for better than a year, I find an aspect of Diem totally ignored. French rule here only ended nine years ago. Diem refused to serve the interests of the French, and perhaps has no more willingness to serve the American Government. Before becoming President, he was a man of steadfast principle: that he would only serve a free and independent Viet Nam.

I would only suggest that the ambassador speak for our Government, not lesser officials or correspondents.

R. CHARLES STEVENS
International Voluntary Services
Danang, Viet Nam

Sir: The resident correspondent in Saigon for the National Catholic Welfare Conference News Service, Columban Father Patrick O'Connor, has reported much in accord with the conclusions reached lately by independent correspondents sent over by TIME and other media. Thus you reported in the Sept. 20 issue that "the Buddhist rebellion was directed by monks who were less interested in redressing religious injustices than in overthrowing the Diem regime." Father O'Connor reached somewhat the same conclusion in an Aug. 2 dispatch:

"Buddhists in South Viet Nam have been selling the American public a bill of goods. They sold it first to some of the foreign correspondents in Saigon. They have represented themselves as undergoing religious persecution. By now, they have been depicted in the press around the world as suffering from a host of restrictions on their religious freedom, refusal to grant them freedom of worship, discrimination practices," and so on . . ."

Concerning your statement (Sept. 20) that the resident correspondents "seem miss a chance to overemphasize the ruling family's Roman Catholicism," Father O'Connor reported as far back as June 24 that "some foreign press reports continue to use expressions like 'Roman Catholic-dominated government' and 'Diem's Catholic minority government,' which Catholics here feel are inaccurate, unfair

to the church, and an incitement, however unintentional, to religious animosity."

Father O'Connor summed up his observations on the Saigon story: "Many U.S. correspondents come and go in South Viet Nam. Only about half a dozen can be called in any sense permanent here . . . Ever since September 1954, some French commentators, journalistic and others, have been forecasting for President Ngo Dinh Diem the collapse they apparently hoped for . . . There is plenty to criticize, as in most governments, especially those recently developed and under enemy fire. But there is certainly far more to be criticized in Red-ruled North Viet Nam."

(THE REV.) JOHN P. DONNELLY
Director, Bureau of Information
National Catholic Welfare Conference
Washington, D.C.

Western Climate

Sir: Your [Oct. 4] story on the President's Western tour deserves a compliment for accuracy. We Westerners were informed the visit would be "nonpolitical," but I, for one, was not surprised at the true nature of the trip. Kennedy will continue to lay eggs in the West until he stops treating us as just "so many votes." I may vote for Goldwater just to get a man in the White House who realizes that the U.S. extends thousands of miles west of Hyannis Port.

Seattle

RICK SHERMAN

Sir: You note that President Kennedy received a "cool reception" here at the University of North Dakota. Surely the assembly of some 25,000 people in one place in a state boasting only nine to the square mile is not indicative of a lack of interest. He received the warmest reception I have seen recorded here to a public figure.

DONALD J. PEARCE
Head Librarian
The University of North Dakota
Grand Forks, N.Dak.

Stool Pigeon

Sir: Can a man who has sworn blood brotherhood with a group and then "squalls" on them be trusted in anything? I would not believe J. Valachi except where the truth would help him. His present action shows you are right in describing him as a "two-bit punk" [Oct. 4].

PERA C. KIRKPATRICK
Wichita, Kans.

Sir: Last night I watched a telecast of the hearing. The charges were not only based upon hearsay testimony but were



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made more than 30 years after the alleged events, on information that was admittedly learned by the witness, in many cases, years after the occurrences and from unnamed persons.

Allowing this type of evidence in a publicly televised hearing makes the subcommittee's performance a disgrace to the legal profession as violative of essential concepts of law and justice.

THEODORE S. JAFFIN

New York City

Challenge & Response

Sir: The Oct. 4 issue reporting churchmen "waking up to race" was stimulating. You will be interested to know that Methodist Bishop Richard C. Ruines of the Indiana area has sent letters to the 1,000 Methodist ministers and lay leaders in the state offering full support for implementation of the policy of open worship and open membership. During the next few months, 350,000 Methodists are being asked to act on these matters in their local congregations.

JOHN D. WOLF

District Superintendent

Northwest Indiana Conference of the Methodist Church
South Bend, Ind.

Unhappy, not Angry

Sir: In your [Oct. 11] article on the Americas, in relation to the military coups in Latin America, TIME's account twice charges the Senators, including me, who recommended some remedial action, with being angry, and then, having planted this adjective on us, rebukes us for our anger.

I assure you there was nothing angry about me or the various Senators who signed the telegram to the President. We were unhappy that the Alliance for Progress appeared to be in danger of going by the board, and that the efforts to develop democratic regimes in Latin America seemed destined to fall under the blows of military juntas.

FREDERICK GREENING
U.S. Senator (Alaska)

Washington, D.C.

Tear-Gas Gun

Sir: New York purchasers of the tear-gas Penguin [Oct. 11] may weep more than would-be holdup men. Your article is ambiguous as to purchases in New York City, described in TIME as a place where "it is not illegal."

LEWIS HARRIS

New York City

► New York City police point out that the sale or possession of instruments or devices used for tear gas is an offense punishable by \$50 fine or 30 days in jail, under the city's Administrative Code section 4.36.5.0.—E.H.

Boston's Backwardness

Sir: Cheers to TIME for its report on "Boston's Backwardness." After the predominantly one-sided view in the press here, it was like a message from the outside.

As a student, I spent twelve stultifying years in that city's school system. As a teacher, I am one of those "young teachers who avoid Boston." I have vowed never to teach in Boston until the public school is taken out of politics.

NAOMI J. WALDMAN

Whitman, Mass.

Sir: We appreciate your calling attention in your article of Oct. 4 to Boston's public schools. The article, however, is inaccurate



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in two statistics, and we find your general conclusions overly harsh.

Rather than 18 guidance counselors, we have 28, some under the title "vocational assistants." Still far too few, of course.

Thirteen schools are 85% Negro, not 30. Two others are predominantly colored. Boston high schools are in general well integrated.

We agree that our schools cry out for improvement, but your article gives no credit whatever for the fresh air that is seeping in.

HERBERT P. GLEASON
President

Citizens for Boston Public Schools
Boston

Our Bears

Sir: Your Oct. 4 story is calumnious to the Yellowstone bear. We suspect the Russian bear is toothless, clawless, sexless and brainwashed into its anthropomorphic antics. Yellowstone unregimented bears gather along the roadside midsummer time to enjoy the free performance of nearly two million park visitors, biting very few considering the expanse of toothsome human epidermis proffered daily. Our bears are indignant at your slander.

LON GARRISON
Superintendent

Yellowstone National Park
Gardiner, Mont.

Curple Curves

Sir: Your Oct. 11 fashion story is a gem of obfuscated hindsight. Formfit and Emilio Pucci fired the first unembarrassed shot in the war against the monobuttcock with the introduction of the natural-back "Viva" panty girdle in 1957. We have not done any "feeling" crawling or walking toward "falsification" since that time.

JOHN W. KUNSTADTER
President

Formfit Co.
Chicago

Sir: My congratulations to the author of that fashion note "Curving the Curple" on his near creation of a literary gem on a subject that under prosaic treatment would have been something worse than gauche.

KEITH F. SCOTT
Circuit Judge

Ninth Judicial Circuit
Macomb, Ill.

Devore's Dream

Sir: Come to think of it, what would Cary Grant look like stepping out of his Rolls-Royce in a cloud of Sy Devore's lined lint?

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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

October 18, 1963

Vol. 82 No. 16

THE NATION

PHOTOGRAPH BY AP/WIDEWORLD



PRESIDENT KENNEDY SIGNS TEST BAN TREATY

Proof of the new spirit.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Unthawing the Thaw

For once, talk about a thaw in the cold war seemed realistic. Last week President Kennedy signed the test ban treaty, handed around 16 souvenir pens to Senators and Administration officials who were in the White House for the occasion. In response, Russia's Premier Khrushchev sent out messages of congratulation saying that the treaty opened the way to solution of "other ripe international issues."

In the new spirit, the U.S. and Russia again exchanged nationals who had been held on charges of spying. It was the second time the two countries have swapped prisoners in this fashion. The first: Communist Agent Rudolf Abel was traded for U-2 Pilot Gary Powers in 1962. In last week's exchange the U.S. released Ivan Egorov, a Soviet U.N. functionary, and his wife Alexandra, who were arrested last July in New York for espionage. In return, the Soviets let go 24-year-old Fulbright Scholar Marvin Makinen, who was sentenced to eight years in prison in 1961 on photo-taking espionage charges; and Jesuit Priest Walter Ciszek, 58, who had been arrested in Poland in 1940. At first imprisoned and then "paroled" to work as an automobile mechanic in Siberia, Ciszek was given up for dead—until 1955 when his family got a post card from him.

Spy swaps are not notably wholesome in the context of international principle, but last week's did add substance to the thaw talk. And then, for some mysterious reason that would re-



RUSSIANS BLOCK U.S. ARMY CONVOY

But what was this all about?

quire a Communist mind to explain, the Russians deliberately tried to unthaw the thaw.

An Odd Impasse. The scene, as so often in the past, was the autobahn corridor that passes through Communist-ruled East Germany between West Berlin and West Germany. As a routine function, Soviet guards stop U.S. troop convoys at checkpoint stations, count the soldiers—and then wave them on.

But not last week. At roughly the same time, a 61-troop eastbound convoy and a 73-troop westbound convoy rolled into the autobahn's Marienborn checkpoint. Russian guards not only stopped both convoys but ordered that all the U.S. personnel get out and line up for head counts.

Then came one of the oddest impasses of the cold war.

The commanders of the two convoys flatly refused to let their men get out of the trucks. And the Communist guards flatly refused to let the convoys continue until their orders were obeyed.

Stalemate. Rising tension. What would it all lead to? Darkness fell, and the convoy-confined U.S. troops dug into their C rations.

Finally, after 15 hours, with the same

abruptness and with as little apparent reason as they had to stop them in the first place, the Soviets let the convoys go. The westbound convoy went unhindered, to its destination in West Germany. But the eastbound convoy got only 90 miles along the pike toward West Berlin when it was halted by tommy gun-toting Russian soldiers headed by a high-ranking Soviet officer. Again came the Communist command, everybody out for a head count. And again the U.S. convoy commander refused.

The Second Night. This one was really tough, and for a while it looked like it might turn into the real thing. The U.S. commander, 1st Lieutenant Raymond Fields, ordered his men not to get out of their trucks, even to relieve their bladders and bowels; they performed those functions right where they were. A U.S. aerial reconnaissance flight circled overhead, and a Russian jet buzzed about it. As the blockade slipped into a second night, the Russians brought up light and heavy anti-aircraft weapons. At length the men started to get out and move about in groups of two and three, never far from their vehicles. Latrine screens



MADAME NHU AND DAUGHTER AT FORDHAM*
"Not all the money in Viet Nam is American."

were set up. One G.I. began giving haircuts to his buddies. At one point, Lieut. Fields himself marched up to the Communist lift-gate, raised it, got back in his truck and ordered his driver to go on through. But just as his truck inched across the line, two Russian personnel carriers drew up and blocked Fields's path. This stopped the Americans again.

And then, 52 hours after it had started, the new Berlin Blockade ended as suddenly as it had begun. The convoy was waved on its way with friendly Russian smiles.

What did it all mean? Who knows? But in the midst of all the talk of an end to the cold war, it served notice on the U.S. to beware. And right in the middle of it all, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko went into the White House for a 120-minute conference with President Kennedy—and came out smiling.

In the Lions' Cage

With a rustle of rich brocade and a swish of scented silk, Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu swept into the U.S. last week. She was accompanied by her handsome, 18-year-old daughter, Le Thuy, and preceded by some of the worst press notices since Tokyo Rose. Although not even her bitterest critics would doubt her courage, the petite sister-in-law of South Viet Nam's President Ngo Dinh Diem did have some fears about her 21-day coast-to-coast visit. Going to the U.S., said she, would probably be like walking into "a cage of lions."

Indeed, by the time she stepped off a Pan American jet from Paris, wearing a brown *ao-dai*, the lions were really roaring. In the Senate, Ohio Democrat Stephen Young blasted her as "arrogant" and "viciously anti-American." At a Cleveland banquet, Ohio's Democratic Congressman Wayne Hays growled, "It's bad enough that every two-bit dictator around the world reviles and in-

sults the U.S. at will, but it is too much to let this comic-strip Dragon Lady do it under our very noses." One high State Department official, noting that Mme. Nhu had been invited to appear before several press groups, had the effrontery to criticize the press for what he said would be "a triumphal reception."

It was hardly that. Wherever Mme. Nhu went, large crowds gathered. There were, of course, the inevitable pickets toting such signs as: NO NHUS IS GOOD NEWS and PHU ON NHU. But for the most part the crowds were merely curious. As for the press, it was ready with plenty of loaded questions. No sooner did Mme. Nhu arrive in New York than one reporter asked if she were "power-hungry," as her father, Tran Van Chuong, recently resigned as Saigon's ambassador to Washington, had claimed. "If I am," she replied in her rapid-fire but often imprecise English, "I would not indulge in such quixotism. I would betray Viet Nam instead of trying to help it. I am having the behavior of a Don Quixote, really." She wanted only "to try to understand why we can't get along better," she said. "People seem to hate my country, to dislike even myself. I come here just to ask you, why, why, why, why, why?"

Hardly a Housewife. Undoubtedly, Mme. Nhu was on her best behavior. One sobering influence was the fact that the U.S. has quietly begun trimming its economic aid to her brother-in-law's regime in hopes of forcing it to initiate reforms. After Diem's Special Forces raided the Buddhist pagodas last August, the U.S. suspended a \$10 million-a-month commercial import program, sales of U.S. surplus commodities that ran to \$2,000,000 a month, and part of the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency's \$2,000,000 monthly payments to the

* With Director of Student Personnel the Rev. Gerard J. Fagan.

Special Forces and blocked funds used to finance Ngo Dinh Nhu's secret police.

Even so, Mme. Nhu could contain herself only so long. At a television interview the day after her arrival, she managed to keep her inch-long fingernails sheathed for the better part of an hour, but finally began clawing about. The U.S. Information Service, she insisted, without producing any convincing evidence, had plotted to overthrow the Diem government, and Saigon's resident U.S. newsmen had helped out. "They just dislike us," she explained.

At the Waldorf-Astoria, more than 1,000 people jammed the Grand Ballroom for an Overseas Press Club luncheon, with women in mink heavily outnumbering the working newsmen. "Is she 40?" asked one matron, marveling at the youthful appearance of the tiny figure on the dais. "I can't believe it." (She is 39.) Commented another, "You don't have nails like that and do much around the house."

Off the Bar Stool. Almost hidden by a 4-foot lectern, Mme. Nhu held forth for 90 minutes. At one point, someone brought over a bar stool and lifted her aboard, but after a moment she asked to have it removed. "I am more comfortable standing up," she said.

Stand she did, 5 ft. 2 in. tall in her spike heels, and she held her own with considerable composure. What would she do if she were President of the U.S.? one reporter asked. "My first step," she said, "would be really to inform more of the American people about the Communist danger. We should not be lulled into a false sense of security." Did her husband, and not her brother-in-law, really rule South Viet Nam? "It is the President who rules, not my husband or me," she replied. "President Diem is too authoritarian to allow anything else." When Columnist Mary McGrory asked, "Why did you come here at our expense?" Mme. Nhu replied icily, "I was not aware that all the money in Viet Nam was American."

"A Harmless Americanism." Flitting from TV studios to college campuses, Mme. Nhu argued her cause with passion. Asked if the six Buddhists who burned themselves alive did not indicate strong opposition to the Diem government, she replied eloquently, "How much stronger is the Vietnamese government, for which so many thousands of people are dying obscurely, not for the sake of publicity?"

Often Mme. Nhu's imperfect English got her into jams. But she also used it as a handy escape hatch when her more acid quotes backfired. At first she denied that she had ever described American troops in South Viet Nam as "soldiers of fortune." Said she: "I have a very rich vocabulary, but that word I have never used." But a couple of days later she reversed herself, said that she had indeed used the words—though in a complimentary sense, to denote "self-made heroes." Explaining her macabre comment about "these Buddhist barbarues" after the suicides by fire began,

she said that her daughter had overheard a U.S. soldier use the phrase at a Saigon hot-dog stand. "It sounded like a perfectly harmless Americanism," said Mme. Nhu.

No Hello. As Mme. Nhu talked on, the invitations kept piling up, at one point numbered 80. Although she canceled several TV appearances, including one with David Susskind, the brutal schedule began telling on her. At suburban Sarah Lawrence College, she had to rest for ten minutes before emerging from her chauffeured Cadillac, gulped pills while onstage. But she kept going. Looking wan and shaky, she went to Fordham University, got an enthusiastic reception from 5,000 students at the Jesuit school. "This can make up for all the vicissitudes, all the sadness I have met here so far," said she. But the next day, at Columbia University she was met with boos and a barrage of eggs.

This week she will visit Washington, but plans to see no important officials. What about John Kennedy? "I would be satisfied to say to him, 'Bonjour,' and the rest would come according to the inspiration of the moment."

The chances are that she will not get to say even *bonjour* to the President, whose chief foreign visitor this week will be Communist Dictator Tito. But more's the pity. A meeting between the President and Mme. Nhu could hardly make relations between the U.S. and Viet Nam worse than they already are. The President might even learn some things he hasn't been told before.

The Great Wheat Deal

President Kennedy, worried about possible political consequences of the sale of wheat to Russia, spent a couple of weeks consulting with leaders of both parties, trying to get their support for the trade. When he failed to win anything resembling unanimous backing, he was forced to weigh the economic merits of the deal against its potential

political pitfalls. Balancing the two out, the President decided to go ahead.

Early last week he summoned congressional leaders to the White House to give them the word. Next day, he led off his press conference with the announcement that the Soviet Union, Hungary, Bulgaria and Czechoslovakia wanted to buy some 4,000,000 metric tons (150 million bushels) of U.S. wheat at world market prices. That would amount to about \$250 million.

No Guarantee. "This transaction," said he, "has obvious benefits for the U.S." Taking note of the fact that U.S. allies in recent weeks have sold between 10 million and 15 million tons of wheat and flour to the Communist bloc, he added: "It would be foolish to halt the sale of our wheat when other countries can buy wheat from us today and then sell it as flour to the Communists." To turn the deal down, added Kennedy later, would only convince the Kremlin "that we are either too hostile or too timid to take any further steps toward peace, that we are more interested in exploiting their internal difficulties and that the logical course for them to follow is a renewal of the cold war."

Anticipating criticism, Kennedy said that the wheat would be "for delivery to and use in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe only." But Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges conceded that "there is no guarantee that U.S. wheat won't free Russian wheat for Cuba." The President also solicited a letter from Brother Bobby's Justice Department insisting that the sale did not violate the 1934 Johnson Act, which prohibits loans to governments that have defaulted in payments of obligations to the U.S. Though Russia still owes \$800 million for World War II lend-lease, the Justice Department argued that no loans would be involved in the present deal.

Congressional reaction was mixed, and the President got praise and blame from both sides. But even before he had made his announcement, one big grain handler—Minneapolis' Cargill, Inc. (see U.S. BUSINESS)—put in its bid for a piece of the action by applying for an export license. The grain handlers are by no means the only ones who will benefit from the deal. It will fatten the chronically deficit-ridden U.S. balance of payments by a quarter of a billion dollars. Some 81,700 freight cars will be needed to move the wheat to ports. It will take 470 vessels with average capacities of 8,500 long tons apiece to ship it to Communist ports. By reducing the 1,048,000,000-bushel U.S. wheat surplus, the deal will cut storage charges to U.S. taxpayers by \$200 million over a five-year span.

Maybe a Loss. In the face of acute crop failures throughout the Communist bloc, the U.S. also was counting on a substantial rise in wheat prices and a consequent boost of perhaps \$100 million in U.S. farm income. But Canada last week scotched that hope. The Ca-

nadians sold Japan 30 million bushels of wheat in a secret deal, promising delivery over the next eight months at a fixed price. Thus, even if a wheat shortage drives world prices higher—as is likely—the Canadians must deliver at the original lower fixed price. And since Japan is one of the biggest and steadiest buyers of U.S. wheat, American dealers may be virtually compelled to trim their prices to Canada's. One official figures that the U.S. may lose some \$60 million as a result of fixed-price deals in the near future.



HALL



CAGLE



CHAMBLISS

All hand-slaps in the Governor's charade.

CIVIL RIGHTS

Farce in Birmingham

"It was a farce," complained an aide of the Rev. Martin Luther King. And so it was. With the perfunctory trial and hand-slap conviction of three white roughnecks in a city court last week, another empty charade staged by Alabama's Democratic Governor George Wallace was played out.

It started with a portentous announcement from the Governor's office two weeks ago as FBI agents probed deep into the bombing that killed four Negro girls at a Birmingham church (TIME, Sept. 27). "State investigators," Wallace boasted, "expect to break the Birmingham church case within the next few hours."

Too Little, Too Soon. Sure enough. Within hours, two men were arrested by Wallace's troopers. One was a red-neck truck driver named Robert E. Chambliss, 59, an incorporator of Alabama's Ku Klux Klan who was indicted, then acquitted, in 1949 for flogging a white man while masked. The other was Charles Cagle, 22, a laborer who was arrested last June for carrying a concealed weapon as he went to a Klan rally near Tuscaloosa. Later Wallace's police arrested Truck Driver John W. Hall, 36.

The FBI and other law enforcement agencies had already had their eyes on



the three men: they complained that by ordering his troopers to jump in with premature arrests, the Governor had all but ruined the chance that the three could ever be convicted of the church bombing. And that was the way it turned out. Without sufficient evidence of the bombing, Wallace's officials finally settled for a charge of illegally possessing dynamite, a misdemeanor about as common in Birmingham as jaywalking in many a U.S. city.

Last week Chambliss, Cagle and Hall each were sentenced to serve 180 days in jail and pay fines of \$100. All, however, have been released on \$300 bond pending appeal to county court.

"Bigger, More Determined." Also in the aftermath of the Sunday school bombing, a county grand jury indicted two 16-year-old white boys, Michael Lee Farley and Larry Joe Sims, for first-degree murder in the death of a 13-year-old Negro, Virgil Ware. In the disorders that followed the church deaths, Virgil was shot as he rode on the handle bars of his brother's bicycle. The grand jury refused to indict Birmingham Policeman Jack Parker for the fatal shooting of another Negro teen-ager, Johnny Robinson, 16, who was part of a group that stoned white men's cars in the post-bombing riot.

Just before the jury acted, Presidential Peacemakers Kenneth Royall, former Army Secretary, and Earl Blaik, former West Point football coach, returned from Birmingham to Washington to talk with Kennedy. Both remained tight-lipped about their findings and recommendations, pending a final report to the President this week, but they offered vague reassurances that Birmingham tensions are easing. In Birmingham itself, that hardly seemed the case. The city council last week rejected a demand by Martin Luther King that Birmingham hire 25 Negro cops within two weeks. King had promised in advance that such a rejection would bring "bigger and more determined" demonstrations than ever.

POLITICS

The Issue at Issue

"John Kennedy can be beaten," a top Democratic Party strategist said recently. "But in my opinion he can be beaten only on one issue—civil rights."

At the opposite extreme of judgment was the statement made in Cleveland last week by Republican Richard Nixon, who said that civil rights should not be a presidential campaign issue in 1964. In fact, he added that if the Republicans did make it an issue, "I don't think they could win."

The fact is that Kennedy could lose—or win—for any of several reasons, including civil rights. And Nixon to the contrary, civil rights will and should be a key issue.

It already is. This weekend the Gallup poll reported that President Kennedy had slipped to his lowest level of popularity since taking office—57% as



PHILADELPHIA MAYORAL CANDIDATES: McDERMOTT & TATE

The blade of civil rights...

against 61% last June—and that the major reason was his handling of the civil rights situation. Some thought he had moved too fast; others thought he had moved too slowly.

The blade of the civil rights issue cuts in many directions, particularly in the South. It is expected that thousands of Negroes, allowed to register and vote for the first time because of legal and legislative actions supported by the Kennedy Administration, will cast their ballots for their sponsors.

But at the same time, and for the same reason, the once-solid Democratic South has been turned into a region in which anti-Kennedy whites may well vote Republican.

And in the Northern and border states, there is a strong suspicion that many whites blame incumbent Democratic officeholders for espousing or at least giving in to Negro demands that have gone too far, too fast.

Thus many astute political observers are looking with keen interest toward at least two elections coming up next month (see following stories).

No Walkaway Now

For a dozen fat years the Democrats have owned Philadelphia. To dispirited Republicans, the prospects for this fall's city election appeared so bleak that party leaders ran through 57 men before finding one to oppose affable, luckless Democratic Mayor James H. (for Hugh) J. (for Joseph) Tate. They finally settled for Lawyer James Thomas McDermott, 37, who twice before had run for office and been badly beaten.

It all promised to be rather cut and dried. But that was before the City of Brotherly Love sweated through a long, hot summer of less than brotherly racial strife—and before many white Philadelphians began grumbling that Mayor Tate was playing too hard for the Negro vote.

Under N.A.A.C.P. Leader Cecil Moore, Philadelphia's Negroes have been among the North's most militant. In May, CORE staged an all-night sit-in at the mayor's office, protesting job discrimination by contractors and unions at an \$18 million municipal building. Tate hesitated, vacillated, then



took the Negroes' side, ordered work stopped on the city project until the situation was investigated. Soon official pressure was being felt by building trades and other unions all over the city to accept more Negroes. Plans were made and executed for speeding up school integration by transferring both white and Negro students from one district to another.

These moves calmed the Negroes, who make up 26% of Philadelphia's voting population and ordinarily deliver 70% to 80% of their support to the Democrats. But Tate infuriated the city's sizable populations of Irish and Italians, who already felt their neighborhoods and ethnic customs were being threatened.

Both Tate and McDermott have avoided outright mention of the touchy race issue, though McDermott's pledge "to restore safety to Philadelphia's crime-ridden streets" by beefing up the police force is taken as an appeal for white votes. In any event, the civil rights issue has turned what figured to be a Democratic walkaway into what most observers now see as something less. But no one seriously doubts that come Nov. 5 the Democrats will renew their lease on Philadelphia for four more years.

Kentucky Horse Race

On their doorsteps along with the milk and newspaper, white residents of Madisonville, Ky., found a handbill with the headline: I WILL SUPPORT N.A.A.C.P. LAWS. Beneath it was a smudgy picture of a smiling white girl and Negro boy holding hands, with the statement: "God created us equal. We should live together equally." The photo, said the broadside, had been taken at a recent rally for Edward T. Breathitt Jr., 38, Democratic candidate for Governor. Also included was the notation that the flyer was a paid advertisement of "CORE (Committee on Racial Education) for Breathitt."

The author was, of course, anonymous, the photo phony, the organization nonexistent—and a play on the real CORE (Congress of Racial Equality). The man who presumably would hope to benefit most from the scur-



KENTUCKY GUBERNATORIAL CANDIDATES
... cuts in many directions.



rilious handout—Republican Gubernatorial Candidate Louie B. Nunn, 39—denied that he or any of his regular helpers had had anything to do with the fraud.

Nunn, who successfully managed the 1956 Kentucky campaigns for Dwight Eisenhower and Republican Senators John Sherman Cooper and Thruston Morton, is a respected politician whose denial of this groin-type tactic seems worthy of belief. But there is no question that Nunn is using the civil rights issue for all it is worth, and that may be plenty in border state Kentucky. He was handed a readymade platform when Governor Bert Combs issued an executive order last June banning discrimination in all business establishments licensed by the state. Combs is not allowed to succeed himself, and Breathitt is his hand-picked Democratic candidate. Nunn has tirelessly hit at Breathitt through Combs.

"Combs is the only man in the country who went further than Bobby Kennedy on the race issue," he said last week. If elected, Nunn said, he would not only rescind the Combs order, but also would not introduce civil rights legislation in the state general assembly and "would veto any legislation introduced under the guise of civil rights if it infringes on the constitutional rights of the citizens."

While denying any involvement with the Combs order, Breathitt has promised to put a civil rights bill before the general assembly next year—though he has not given a clue as to what the bill might include. Says he vaguely: "I shall recommend such action as seems to me just and fair in the light of conditions then prevailing. Once the legislature has made known its will, the executive order will have served its purpose and will no longer continue."

Under ordinary Kentucky circumstances, Democrat Breathitt would be rated an easy winner. But during the era of the Negro revolution, circumstances are not ordinary anywhere. And Kentucky observers consider it entirely possible that in the Nov. 5 election Nunn might become the first Republican Governor Kentucky has had in 18 years.

THE CONGRESS

The Fast Talker from Pickens

Shortly before Jack Kennedy's first-ballot nomination at the Democratic Convention of 1960, an offer came from the Kennedy forces to Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Baines Johnson II (L.B.J.), at that moment J.F.K.'s only serious rival for the nomination, would withdraw from contention, he could become Kennedy's vice-presidential running mate.

Lyndon, as a consummate politician, already knew that Kennedy had him whipped for the top spot. He was still reluctant to give up, but he was avidly being urged to do so by Bobby Gene Baker, a youthful friend and protégé for whom he had got a job as the U.S. Senate's Democratic secretary.

Right then, into the Johnson headquarters suite in Los Angeles, marched Oklahoma's formidable Senator Robert Kerr, a Johnson backer with no taste for the Kennedy family. Kerr was enraged when he heard that Baker was pleading with Lyndon to withdraw and accept second place. In his anger, he swung and slapped Bobby "as hard as I've ever been hit." But Bobby Baker kept right on presenting his case. After five minutes, Kerr reached out his right hand to shake Bobby's, and pronounced: "You're right. You're smarter about this than I was."

That, at least, is the way Bobby Baker tells the story. And he has told it often to convince people of what a fast-talking, nimble influencer of U.S. politicians he is. But last week Bobby Gene's powers of influence fell apart, and he had to resign his job and face a Senate investigation.

"The 101st Senator." Raised in backwoods Pickens, S.C., Baker was tapped at 14 to be a U.S. Senate page when the son of a neighbor turned down the job. Bobby was frightened at first: "I had never been out of Pickens before." But he quickly learned how to impress the Senators who could help him. When Texas' Representative Lyndon Johnson was elected to the Senate in 1948, Bobby latched onto him. "Bobby was an unabashed lackey—a bootlicker—and he'd think of any excuse to come to the

office and see Johnson," recalls one Senate veteran.

In 1951, when Johnson was mentioned as a possibility to become the Democratic whip, Page Boy Bobby knew how to help. "I just kept leaking stories to the newspapers that Johnson had the inside track, that in a showdown he would have the votes," says Baker. Johnson won. Bobby was made an assistant to the Democratic Senate secretary, and in 1955, when Johnson became Senate majority leader, Bobby got the secretary's job—a kind of message bearer, nose counter, gossip collector for the Democratic leadership. He got so adept at counting, lining up and (at first in Lyndon's name) delivering votes that he later became known as the "101st Senator."

Naturally, not everyone was fond of Bobby Baker. Says one Senator: "I never liked him very much, but if you wanted to know what was going on, Bobby was the guy you called. He had the head count. He knew who was drunk, who was out of town, who was out sleeping with whom. He knew who was against the bill and why, and he probably knew how to approach him to get him to swing around. Bobby was it."

Bobby's Business. For being "it" around the Senate, Bobby got \$19,612 a year, and his wife got another \$11,757 a year as records manager for the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. Bobby always dressed well (black suits with vest and silver silk tie). But few realized that he was becoming wealthy—at least not until July 1962, when Bobby and two partners opened a \$1,200,000 luxury motel in Ocean City, Md., advertised it as a "high-style hideaway for the advice and consent set," and kicked it off with a



BOBBY GENE BAKER
Influence is a sometime thing.

champagne party. The inauguration drew 200 Washington VIPs—including Lyndon and Lady Bird Johnson.

Bobby had other business interests—and last month some of them began coming home to roost. A Washington vending-machine firm named him as a defendant in a \$300,000 civil suit. In short, it charged that Baker used his influence to control vending-machine contracts let by a Government aerospace contractor and that Baker once told a North American Aviation representative "that he was in a position to assist in securing contracts" for North American.

No sooner was the civil suit filed than the FBI announced that it, too, had been looking into Bobby Baker's business. Bobby cried that he was innocent, said cockily, "I'm going to take care of myself, don't you worry." But last week he not only resigned as Democratic secretary of the Senate, but refused for the first time in his busy, brief life to talk with reporters. Wild rumors sped around Capitol Hill that this was only the beginning of the story about Bobby Baker, the young fellow who knew who was drunk, who was out of town, and who was sleeping with whom. At week's end, and at the insistence of Delaware's Republican Senator John Williams, the Senate reluctantly authorized its Rules Committee to start hearings into the activities of Bobby Gene Baker.

INVESTIGATIONS

Name That Goon

Hoodlum Joe Valachi last week wound up his solo performance before the McClellan Committee in Washington, was quickly hustled off to his maximum-security cell to rest his throat until his instructive services are needed again.

During his five days of Senate testimony, Valachi, if nothing else, enriched the language with his litany by enabling the Justice Department to compose a list of the nicknames of killers, thieves and pimps in Cosa Nostra. Among them:

Little Tony, Tough Tony, Fat Tony, Tony Boy, Tony the Bum, Tony the Sheik, Tony the Geep, Tony Bananas and Tony Cheese; Frankie the Bug, Frank the Wop, Frank the Boss and Big Frank; Hoboken Joe, Joe from Pelham Bay, Crazy Joey, Joe Palisades and Staten Island Joe; Charlie Bullets and Charlie the Blade; Trigger Mike, Skinny Mike and Black Mike; Black Jim, Jimmy Blue Eyes, Jimmy the Blond and Jimmy the Sniff; Johnny Bath Beach and John the Bug; Mr. Gribs and The Gap, Kid Blast and The Sidgie; The Sheik and The Cat; Benny the Bum, Teddy the Bum and Jerry the Lug; Big Sam, Fat Dom and Fat Freddie; Good Looking Al, Big Nose Nick, Cockeye Nick and Cockeye Phil; Pip the Blind and Eyeglasses, And three fellows named Tea Bags, Four Cents and Blah Blah.

REPUBLICANS

Westward Ho!

Barry Goldwater consented only reluctantly to speak last week at a Republican fund-raising dinner in Hershey, Pa. He was well aware that this was unfriendly territory: above him in their presidential preferences, Pennsylvania Republicans probably rate their own Governor William Scranton, New York's Nelson Rockefeller and Michigan's George Romney.

The Hershey Arena was only two-thirds filled. Barry's speech, as Goldwater speeches go, was singularly lacking in fire. He took on the Kennedy Administration, tied it to big-city bossism and machine politics. The audience responded with listless applause. Seated on the platform, Governor Scranton appeared to be bored. All in all, this was the unhappiest appearance that Goldwater has made in a long while.

"Talk, Talk, Talk." Moving west, however, Barry found audiences more to his liking. In San Antonio, Texas, Republicans enthusiastically welcomed their favorite, and Barry responded with a hard-hitting blast at a Kennedy Administration foreign policy that "stands wall-eyed in Berlin and cross-eyed in Paris and blind in Cuba." The Administration policy, he cried, "responds like a half-strung puppy to any mention of colonialism but shies like a frightened colt from the real problems of development in underdeveloped lands. Such nations are free in name only. And the present response to their problems has been a response in name only."

Taking on the Alliance for Progress, Goldwater ran down the list of Latin American countries where, he insisted, revolution and continued instability reflect Kennedy's failures. The Alliance, he said, has brought "no new unity, no true alliance and no real progress." The Administration has polished off Latin American problems—"as indeed the whole world's problems"—as "political sloggery. They are not solved; they are merely salved, by talk, talk, and more

talk. Patch a crisis there; prescribe a pill somewhere else; make a concession here, there, the next place; promise, promise, promise; spend, spend, spend; elect, elect, elect."

With San Antonio cheers still ringing in his ears, Goldwater flew into Eugene, Ore., to attend a meeting of Republican leaders from 13 Western states. Also speaking to that session was Nelson Rockefeller. Rocky, appearing in the afternoon, issued a direct challenge to Goldwater to participate in a series of debates "before the American people."

"No Stopgap Election." Goldwater shrugged off Rocky's challenge. "If he wants to debate weaknesses in the Kennedy Administration, sure, but if he wants to talk about the Republican Party and its policies, no." Then he launched into his best campaign speech to date.

"This is no stopgap election in 1964," he cried. "This is not one just for record books. This is one for the history books. We stand now at the latter end of the second century of the American experience, the American Revolution."

"But this freedom, this America, is a fragile moment in history's long span. Freedom always has been. It has not been the rule of mankind. It has been the exception. Today it remains the exception. And today it remains the issue. Controls, coercion, compromise with tyranny are the marks of the New Frontier; big words and petty deeds are its adjectives and verbs; promises are its substitutes for performance, and its vision of issue is no wider than its view of electoral expediency."

"But the real issue remains. Freedom. And which party will more effectively preserve and enlarge it? Can there be any doubt? . . . Those whom we will oppose in 1964 have defaulted their leadership to turn the tides against tyranny abroad. And they have rejected limited government at home."

"America must have a choice, and freedom must have a chance. Republican principles, Republican candidacies offer the choice, give the chance and



GOLDWATER IN SAN ANTONIO

"Controls, coercion, compromise with tyranny."



POWER LINES IN THE SUNSET



MAMIE AND GUNNYSACK JOHNSON
Bear fat for salad oil.

reaffirm the right of the people of this God-blessed nation to reclaim the powers they are losing, to rededicate the will they are wasting, and to win the peace for which they are praying."

MONTANA

The Lights Go On In the Yaak River Valley

In the rugged, remote northwest corner of Montana, the Yaak River Valley is a picture postcard of some yesteryear. Moose muse among the willows. Elk graze on the slopes. White-tailed deer browse in the bottom land. Deep among the whispering pine and the hemlock, among the silver aspen and birch, the bears dig into windfalls for grubs. Rainbow trout, cutthroat and whitefish tumble in Beetle and Winkum Creeks.

In that bucolic 45-mile-long valley, 83 families live peacefully in humble cabins and fine log homes. Hunting rifles adorn their walls and fishing rods and boots occupy the corners of the rooms. In cabin after cabin, there is a color picture of the President of the United States. Yes, sir, says one oldtimer gesturing to a photo on the wall, "he was a great man, that Franklin D. Roosevelt." And over in the Dirty Shame Saloon, Grocery Store and Gas Station, Proprietor "Buster" Bray,

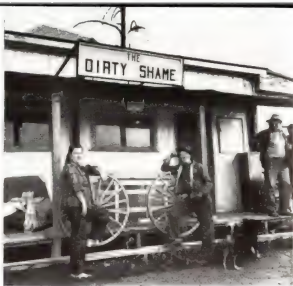
formerly of San Francisco, says: "I wouldn't trade any of this for Third and Market Streets—not ever again."

Hand Pumps. But progress has finally come to the Yaak River Valley—and last week, amid modest ceremony, the inhabitants observed the first linking-in of the area's electric power line. The valley will never be the same again—a fact observed with pleasure by most, but with misgivings by some.

True, a few families have had a minimum amount of power. Buster Bray has kept the Dirty Shame alight with electricity generated by a diesel Caterpillar in a shed behind the saloon. But "the Monster," as he calls it, has been running night and day for three years. It costs \$26 a day, and, when it coughs at night, it wakes up folks for miles around. Bray is waiting impatiently for the rural cooperative to string its powerline to his part of the valley.

One of the first to connect his home with the power was Harry Franke, 40. A onetime truck driver, Franke moved into the Yaak with his family three years ago to exchange the nerve-racking tumult of Chicago life for a small cattle spread. "I didn't know how to live without electricity," says his wife Bonnie, "but we had to learn." The Frankes used kerosene lamps, traded their electric refrigerator for one that ran on propane gas, swapped their radio for an old battery set. Says Bonnie: "The ironing baffled me for a time, but I finally found a couple of flatirons and a gasoline iron." A hand pump provided water for the toilet, and the rest of the household water was hauled up to the house in buckets from a spring.

Now Bonnie can hardly wait to get an electric iron, an electric water pump, a new washing machine and a dryer. A television set, she says, is at the bottom of the shopping list. She would much rather have her three children explore the Yaak than vegetate before the magic eye. "Later," she says, "we'll buy a freezer, and after that a waffle iron. It's been a long time since this family sat down to waffles."



BUSTER BRAY'S SALOON

"Too Many People." Anton Obermayer, a 75-year-old Bavarian-born brewmaster, plans to take the service, too, but he will use it only on a limited basis. He is proudly self-sufficient. He built his own home, cabinets and furniture, grows his own vegetables. His wife Mary Monica, 74, makes her own soap. "When I came here in 1917," says Obermayer, "it was a wilderness. It is not so good now. There are too many people, and they are making too many roads. They kill all the animals. Oh, well, when electricity comes, we will get an electric stove and put it beside the wood stove."

Torjus "Gunnysack" Johnson, 66, was not so sure he wanted electricity. Gunnysack and his wife, Mamie, subsist on social security money, and they did not know if they could afford the \$10-a-month minimum charge for electricity. Besides, says Mamie Johnson, 79, "I'd rather have spent the money for a game license. I do some fishing, but I'd like to get me a deer this fall, and a bear. I'd sure like to get the juice from a fat bear. Makes a fine oil for salad." Nevertheless, the Johnsons have signed up.

Similarly, Charles Fields, 80, and his wife, Martha, 79, sense that the coming of electricity will intrude on their remembrances of long-gone times. Says Charlie Fields, slapping his thigh: "Back when I was a young fellow, I lived in southern Colorado. I was a gunslinger." Today the Fields' combined income is only \$99 a month and a memory a day. But, says Martha, "we're going to go ahead and get the house wired. At our age, anything can happen. We don't have any electric appliances, and I guess we won't get any. But we'll have lights."

The lights in the Fields' place—and appliances and television and all the rest in the valley—may illuminate much that has lain dark and shadowy for the people of the Yaak. At the Fields' place, for example, the lights will brighten walls that are hung with old rifles, a couple of powder horns, pictures of relatives in high lace collars and, of course, a photo of the President of the U.S.—Abe Lincoln.

THE HEMISPHERE

THE CARIBBEAN

The Storm with an Eye

For Demagogues

The U.S. weather satellite Tiros spotted it first, and the photograph drew whistles from a forecaster at the San Juan, P.R., weather station. "There it is," he said, "and it's a beauty!"

In the tropical Atlantic off the northeast coast of South America lay a doughnut-shaped cloud mass of warm air, gradually rising and circling in counterclockwise motion as a drop in atmospheric pressure sucked layers of cooler air in beneath it. The weathermen named the mass Flora—sixth hurricane of the 1963 season—and commenced the routine precautions that in recent years have taken some of the bite out of the fierce storms: hurricane-hunter planes to check course, speed, wind velocity, intensity of the rain; detailed advisories and instructions to everyone in the storm's path. But in one of those violent quirks of nature, incredibly compounded by man, all the warnings proved futile. By the time Flora finished her ten-day rampage through the Caribbean, she went down in history as one of the most devastating storms ever to strike the Western Hemisphere—a killer comparable to the great Galveston storm and tidal wave that swept the Texas coast in

September 1900, claiming more than 6,000 lives.

Foretaste on Tobago. Swiftly, the wind rose to 75-m.p.h. hurricane force, then, to 90, 100 and 110. At noon on Sept. 30, Flora swept down on the island of Tobago, the legendary land of Robinson Crusoe off the Venezuelan coast. Entire plantations of coconut palms were flattened as by a scythe. It took only four hours for Flora to come and go. In her path she left 18 dead, hundreds injured, some 17,000 homeless, and property damage that helpless authorities estimated at many millions.

Tobago was only a foretaste. Boiling northwest through the Caribbean, Flora grew stronger with every hour, sucking up new moisture from the open sea and churning it into energy. As reports from the planes came in, Puerto Rico braced itself. So did the Bahamas and Florida. But like many an adventurer, Flora had an eye for demagogues, finally curved toward the western arm of Hispaniola. Broadcasting to Haiti, the poverty-stricken Negro nation ruled by Dictator François Duvalier, U.S. weathermen issued urgent warnings: "This is a dangerous hurricane . . . all precautions should be taken."

No Danger. Incredibly, the Haitians scoffed at the warnings. The chief of the Haitian Red Cross went on the

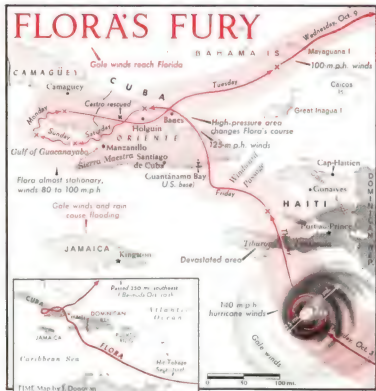


ANSE-À-VEAU, HAITI
Like a scythe.

radio, angrily denying all danger. The next voice heard was the banshee howl of Flora. By now, the winds had accelerated to 140 m.p.h. Savagely, Flora cut a 75-mile gash across Haiti's Tiburon Peninsula, denuding the mountaintops, reducing scores of villages to rubble, and carving great rivers of red clay that stained offshore waters crimson three miles out. Radio monitors in Miami heard an unidentified operator report "terrible damage." Then he was blown off the air. Within Haiti all telephone and radio communication was cut off from the Port-au-Prince capital, lying on the edge of the hurricane's eye. And for 12 hours there was silence in Haiti.

Rushed to the scene were helicopters from the U.S. aircraft carrier *Lake Champlain*. Port-au-Prince escaped the worst of the storm. But westward along the Tiburon Peninsula, the landscape was devastated. Knots of dazed survivors held up pleading arms as the planes flew over; dead animals floated in the flooded fields. The towns of Miragoâne and Petit-Goâve were in ruins. "It looked like a bomb hit," said CARE Mission Chief Kurt Bachman. Anse-à-Veau was 95% gone. Petit-Trou-de-Nippes completely wiped out but for one building. The first casualty report told of 400 dead. It was later amended to an estimated 3,000. But no one will ever know for sure. "Reports of mass burials are ridiculous," announced the Haitian Red Cross, "because you can't find the bodies. They are buried in mud and debris or washed away by the sea."

Whole Year's Rainfall. By now, Flora was over Cuba, dealing out more death and destruction. Most hurricanes tend to dissipate rapidly over a land mass, but not this one. For five shattering days, the storm looped back and forth over Castro's island, her winds rising and falling from 125 m.p.h. to 80 m.p.h. The Guantánamo U.S. Naval Base recorded over 17 inches of rain in six days, equal to a year's normal



rainfall. Two marines were drowned when their Jeep slid into foaming floodwaters. Otherwise, the battered-down base sweated out the storm with only minor damage.

Not so the Cubans. Some reports told of 60 inches of rain in parts of Oriente, Las Villas and Camagüey provinces, the island's richest agricultural area. They might be exaggerated, but the damage to Cuba's already crippled economy was undoubtedly severe. U.S. monitors heard frantic radio messages to Havana describing the "incalculable havoc"—copper and manganese mines flooded, fishing fleets smashed, sugar mills destroyed, cattle herds drowned, sugar, corn, rice, cotton, banana and tobacco crops demolished. At one point, the town of Mayari broadcast a pathetic appeal for help to the Guantánamo naval base; another Castro station immediately ordered Mayari off the air. Castro himself set up emergency headquarters in the town of Bayamo, and his first inspection trip almost proved to be his last when his amphibious truck capsized while fording the swollen Rioja River in Oriente. What he saw in the provinces, he said later, "was an incredible, terrible situation. The loss of life can't be calculated." Unofficially, the Cuban death toll stood at 7180, but thousands were still missing.

At last, Flora swirled off through the sparsely populated southeastern Bahamas, to breathe her last against the cold winds of the open Atlantic. But her aftereffects would long be felt. As in Haiti, the U.S. offered immediate aid to Cuba through the Red Cross. Castro blindly rejected it as "hypocritical," and sneered at the Red Cross as "an instrument of U.S. imperialism." Instead, he decreed a 50% reduction in the Cuban people's already meager food ration—down to three-eighths of a pound of meat, 1½ lbs. of vegetables per week—and turned to his Iron Curtain friends for the support he needed. How much Castro could get from them was debatable.

ARGENTINA

A President Again

Almost unnoticed amid the coups and chaos around the hemisphere, one country last week quietly went from military control back into the hands of a constitutional President. In Buenos Aires' Chamber of Deputies, courtly, white-haired Dr. Arturo Umberto Illia, 63, took the oath of office as Argentina's 29th President, ending 18 months of military-dominated government that began with the overthrow of President Arturo Frondizi.

While the generals and their puppet President were in the palace, South America's second biggest nation saw its wheat-and-beef economy riddled by inflation, unemployment and a towering national debt, its daily life punctuated

by nasty little fights between warring military factions. Nevertheless Argentina managed to grope its way back to a constitutional government that took office with new hope. Mature and stable, Illia is a small-town doctor whose middle-roading People's Radicals grew out of a split with Frondizi's Radicals in 1957. His cabinet is notable for a lack of big names; most of them are calm, dedicated professional men in their 40s or 50s.

Since his election last July, Illia has said next to nothing about how he intends to govern. He is considered pro-West and pro-free enterprise, though he campaigned on a nationalistic platform threatening to annul the controversial oil contracts signed by Fron-



ILLIA
With hope.

dizi's government with foreign companies between 1958 and 1960. Last week, a national investigation board ruled that the contracts, in effect, were illegal. Yet Illia has said privately that the whole oil issue has been blown out of proportion, and he is expected only to renegotiate the contracts on terms more favorable to Argentina.

BRAZIL

Chaos Compounded

Of all the nations of Latin America, Brazil seems to have the greatest tolerance for chaos. Yet such was the anger and confusion last week that Brazilians on every side despaired for their country. Having just demanded emergency dictatorial powers from Congress as the only hope of preventing civil war "at any moment," President João Goulart was forced to withdraw the demand in the face of opposition by Congress, labor unions, state governors, and general public opinion. Goulart said the withdrawal was made possible "by new circumstances." But the only new circum-

stance was an abortive plot by the President's cronies to kidnap his severest critic, Carlos Lacerda, governor of Guanabara state, which includes Rio.

Cought in a Jam. At 3 a.m. the morning that Goulart was to present his request for a state of siege to Congress, a Goulart friend, Brigadier General Alfredo Pinheiro, accompanied by Lieut. Colonel Abelardo Mafra, appeared at the Vila Militar base in suburban Rio. They hauled the commander of an artillery group out of bed, told him to gather a score of trustworthy men and arrest Lacerda at 6:15 a.m. as he began an official visit to a state hospital near Rio. If Lacerda resisted, shoot to kill—without fear of consequences. If taken alive, Lacerda supposedly was to be bundled aboard a plane at Rio's International Galeão Airport and flown to a secret destination. The artillery officer refused, saying that he needed a written order from his commander, Pinheiro and Mafra next went to the commander of a paratroop regiment, then to a commander of an engineer company, who finally consented.

At 6:30 a.m., Mafra and 20 engineers roared out of the base in two troop trucks. To avoid downtown traffic, Mafra guided his tiny convoy through the coastal hills, only to run into a traffic jam caused by an accident. By the time they finally reached the hospital, it was 8 a.m. Lacerda had just left—after his secret service got a last-minute tip that troops were on the way.

Quite an Exercise. Both Pinheiro and Mafra admitted that the expedition took place. But they insisted that no actual kidnapping was intended. It was merely "an exercise," said Pinheiro lamely, to test the loyalty of officers to the constitution: Goulart personally had nothing to do with it. Lacerda's enraged U.D.N. Party demanded a full-scale congressional investigation, but that only led to more angry words and still greater confusion. From the War Ministry came rumblings that it was a matter for the military, not Congress, to investigate. And the military privately threatened to hang out some more dirty laundry for everyone to see. If the U.D.N. did not call off its probe, the army was ready to publicize the details of a massive plot against the government organized by a close Lacerda aide and U.D.N. higher-up. Over the past few months, army intelligence claims that it has uncovered several caches of arms, and they were reportedly traced to Lacerda's men.

By week's end, the battle lines grew steadily tighter, and Brazil was rapidly running out of peaceful solutions. A tired-eyed Goulart, weary from worry and no sleep, was maneuvering feverishly and unpredictably—not at all like the old pro of a few months ago. Throughout the country there was an air of desperation. History, as one Brazilian newspaper said, was being written by the minute.

THE WORLD

EUROPE

To the New Generation

When Harold Macmillan was pleading with Charles de Gaulle last year to let Britain into the Common Market, he spoke of the historical imperative to build a united Europe. "We three old men must make this work," he said. "If we don't, the new generation of politicians and leaders will not succeed, because they have not been through what we have been through." Last week



HAILSHAM AT PARTY BALL
Q for Quintin.

two of the three old men were suddenly only that—old men. West Germany's Konrad Adenauer resigned at 87, after clinging to his office longer than had seemed possible. Macmillan himself gave up the leadership of the Tory Party at 69 because of illness, both physical and political.

Concrete Symbol. These two had never been particularly close, but they had indeed been through a lot. To begin with, World War I, that wasteful struggle which began in frivolity and ended with the death of 19th century Europe, turning a golden age into an iron age. And they had been through the incredible half-century that followed, in which technology outraced the dreams of men, a new form of tyranny grew from a crank's utopia to challenge a thousand years of Western tradition, and in which, amazingly, the promise of a new Europe sprouted from the ruins of the old. Yet that new Europe was not only for these two men, or for their generation, to build. Nor was it for the third old man, Charles de Gaulle, to tear down.

De Gaulle dreams of Europe only to the extent that Europe is France. The symbol of his nationalist policy took concrete shape last week when the French government let it be known that it now has two Mirage IV bombers capable of delivering atomic bombs

(probably 60 kilotons each). While to hardheaded U.S. military men the name of the bombers summarizes the whole project, to De Gaulle it is the beginning of his independent *force de frappe*, and as such a modest guarantee of an independent course for France. The rift between the U.S. and De Gaulle over the shape of the Western Alliance has never been wider. When French Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville conferred with President Kennedy last week, paving the way for a De Gaulle visit to the U.S. next year, the difference of their opinions made it, in the words of one diplomat, "a dialogue of the deaf."

Real Solution. The U.S. is once again pushing its scheme for a multilateral force (European sailors on ships armed with U.S. Polaris missiles), which is of debatable military value and which is really only a thin international disguise for continued U.S. nuclear monopoly in the West. No matter how desirable this monopoly is to the U.S., De Gaulle argues with compelling reason that a sovereign nation, long urged by the U.S. itself to stand on its own feet, cannot totally surrender its defense into the hands of another—even an allied—nation.

History may well decide that the real solution lies neither in the American sea-going deterrent nor in De Gaulle's national one, but in a truly united Europe with its own army and nuclear striking force. For the present, that solution is being pursued neither by Washington nor by Paris. It will fall precisely to the "next generation of politicians and leaders" to work toward this prospect. And though the newcomers may not have been through the trials of the Old Men, their vision of Europe is not necessarily less noble, and it may just possibly be more practical.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Battling Tories

On Fleet Street Tuesday night, the early morning headlines were already in type: MAC WILL CARRY ON. The news, leaked to parliamentary correspondents on the eve of the Conservative Party's annual conference in seaside Blackpool, was that Harold Macmillan had told his Cabinet ministers he felt compelled to stay on as Prime Minister unless they could reach virtually unanimous agreement on his successor.

The huge black headlines that actually hit the streets Wednesday told a far different story. It was contained in the terse announcement issued at 9:26 p.m. Tuesday from 10 Downing Street: "The Prime Minister has tonight been admitted to the King Edward VII Hospital for an operation for prostatic obstruction. It is expected that this will involve

his absence from official duties for some weeks, and he has asked the First Secretary, Mr. R. A. Butler, to take charge of the government while he is away."

Private Divination. The news astounded the ministers who had conferred with him that morning. Though he had taken a few sips of a cloudy medicine during the Cabinet session, the 69-year-old Prime Minister seemed in fine fettle and left no doubt that he planned to attend the conference and make the traditional leader's speech on Saturday afternoon. With the announcement of the illness, it suddenly became clear to the solid, well-tailored men and tweedy women, who had been engrossed in highly un-Toryish wrangling between Mac-must-go and Mac-must-stay factions, that Mac would go.

Just four hours after the operation (described as successful), Foreign Secretary Lord Home read a letter to the conference dictated by Macmillan: "It is now clear that, whatever might have been my previous feelings, it will not be possible for me to carry the physical burden of leading the party at the next general election. I have so informed the Queen."

Tears welled in the eyes of Maurice Macmillan, 42, the Prime Minister's son. Acting Prime Minister Butler stared emotionlessly across the auditorium. House Leader and Party Co-Chairman Iain Macleod slumped in his chair until his chin rested on his chest. Minister for Science Lord Hailsham was poker-faced. But Macmillan's announcement stripped away all pretense



CONTENDER HOME
Odds against patricians.

THREE TIMES ALMOST PRIME MINISTER

RICHARD AUSTEN BUTLER, a parliamentary pundit once observed, "always looks as if he will be the next Prime Minister—until it seems the throne may actually be vacant." Butler has been deputy to all three postwar Tory Prime Ministers—Winston Churchill, Anthony Eden and Harold Macmillan—and after the 1956 Suez debacle had every expectation of succeeding Eden at 10 Downing Street. When the party picked Macmillan instead, "Rab" Butler, though bitterly humiliated, said bravely: "Well, it is something to have been almost Prime Minister."

Whether or not he actually wins the throne this time, Britain's cool, complex Deputy Prime Minister is in charge of the government for the time being, and by any measure he has had far the widest and longest administrative training for the top job. He is hard to fault for past mistakes, since he had no responsibility for Suez and hardly any for the Common Market failure, not to mention the Keeler scandal. Moreover, Rab is renowned for his patience. "He seems," says one commentator, "to act in decades and think in centuries."

A Member of Parliament for 34 of his 60 years, Butler is a dedicated organization man who nonetheless takes irreverent delight in the impish indiscretion and bland ambivalence. When Eden's ditherings with economic and colonial problems stirred angry criticism in 1956, it was Butler who declared slyly: "He is the best Prime Minister we have." He once said that Britain's sacrosanct civil service is "a bit like a Rolls-Royce—you know it's the best machine in the world, but you're not quite sure what to do with it." His sallies have earned him a slightly uneasy reputation as a gifted intellectual in a party that looks askance at "brilliant" men. Nor have many older Tories—including Harold Macmillan—ever forgotten that, as a junior minister in Neville Chamberlain's government, Butler was a loyal and eloquent champion of Munich.

When Churchill became Prime Minister, he could not forgive Butler for having defended Chamberlain's actions, but he recognized Rab's talents and in 1941 offered him a choice between the important Ministry of Information and the backwater Board of Education. Remote as it was from the war effort, Butler plumped for education, knowing that it would be one of the key areas of postwar social reform. When he thanked Churchill for the job, legend has it that the Prime Min-



BUTLER ADDRESSING CONSERVATIVE PARTY CONFERENCE

ister retorted: "I meant it as an insult." Nonetheless, the highly acclaimed Butler Act in 1944 became the master plan for Britain's present-day educational system, and its author joined the Cabinet as the nation's first Minister of Education.

When the Tories lost to Labor in 1945, Rab was picked to mold a forward-looking philosophy for the demoralized Conservatives. From the Tory research office, which consisted of two chairs and a desk when he took over, came a flow of pamphlets that reasserted the importance of the individual in a "property-owning democracy" and redefined Conservatism as a "policy of humanity and common sense." Almost as important to the party's future as his New Conservatism were "Rab's Boys," the bright young back-room protégés whom Butler enlisted to help formulate policy. Among them: Chancellor of the Exchequer Reginald Maudling, House Leader and Party Co-Chairman Iain Macleod, Lord Privy Seal Ted Heath. According to a House of Commons quip, "Rab gave Macmillan his brains."

Butler was an outstanding Chancellor of the Exchequer for four years after the Tories' return to power in 1951. His less able successor was Macmillan, and the two top Tories have coolly coexisted in the years since. During an economic crisis in which he successfully resisted Cabinet pressure to curtail the government's newfangled social services, Rab said pointedly: "We have lived too long on old port and overripe pheasant." On another occasion, he gave John F. Kennedy a cue by exhorting the voters "not just to think you are going to get something out of government; think what you can do for your country." As an imaginative Home Secretary from 1957 to 1962, Rab trimmed "the Victorian whiskers" from the betting and licensing laws and was praised as warmly by Socialists as by his fellow

Tories for his cell-to-ceiling program of reform for Britain's Dickensian prison system. Since 1962, when he was named First Secretary of State, Butler has supervised a variety of thankless tasks, notably mapping independence for the three states of the Central African Federation. He is outspokenly pro-American and, with Foreign Secretary Lord Home, has probably been the staunchest Cabinet advocate of British membership in President Kennedy's "mixed manned" multilateral force.

Butler was born in India, where his father was Governor of the Central Provinces before returning home to become master of Cambridge's Pembroke College. Rab went to Marlborough, was a brilliant undergraduate at Cambridge, and headed the university debating society. After one debate, in which Butler voted against a motion argued by Stanley Baldwin, he was warned by the visiting Prime Minister that "intellectualism is a sin and could lead a young man to a late worse than death." Notwithstanding Baldwin, Rab became a Cambridge don. He deserted the common room for Commons after marrying Sydney Courttauld, a textile heiress, whose long illness and death in 1954 visibly sapped his political energies.

Since his 1959 remarriage to Mollie Courttauld, widow of his first wife's cousin, Rab has bounced back with all his old vitality. A warmhearted man beneath a glacial public visage, he worships the ten Butler and Courttauld grandchildren, who call him "Grandrab." From his first marriage he also inherited a priceless collection of French canvases (Renoir, Cézanne, Manet), and he is rated one of the better do-it-yourself parliamentary painters since Churchill. He may never become Prime Minister, though he insists, "I never use the word 'never.'" If he does get the job, he would be the first to pronounce himself "the best Prime Minister we have."

of a gentlemanly team decision to name his successor.

Chancellor of the Exchequer Reginald Maudling, 46, the shrewd, amiable favorite of most Tory backbenchers, told friends he was prepared to fight for the job. Hailsham, an ebullient individualist whose jingoistic rhetoric stirs the squires to rapture, told a wildly cheering We-Want-Hailsham rally: "I am now prepared to disclaim my peerage and resign as leader of the House of Lords and to accept the invitation of any constituency that is prepared to receive me."

Toward a Consensus. The portly Science Minister, who at previous conferences has landed on front pages by ringing hand bells ("for Britain") and taking dips in the frigid ocean, captured the morning headlines with his announcement. But the photographers were not disappointed. Hailsham—or Quintin McGarel Hogg, M.P., as he would like to be—captured all eyes with a robust twist at a Young Conservative dance; later he captured all lapsels when his friend Randolph Churchill started distributing heroic Q (for Quintin) campaign buttons.

There was even a Home boom, though the patrician Foreign Secretary is as retiring as Hailsham is assertive, and is relatively little known to the public. The most logical candidate, on ability and experience, was the man who would fill Macmillan's shoes meanwhile: Rab Butler (see box).

Unlike the Labor Party, the Tories hold no formal elections to choose a leader. Instead, their party officials, senior ministers and elder statesmen go through an elaborate, private process of divination aimed at reaching what is euphemistically called "the consensus" of the party: when they have settled on a candidate who is acceptable to both Cabinet and parliamentary party and looks like a vote getter to boot, the name is presented for routine approval to the Queen. Thus Macmillan's successor will probably not be announced until after Parliament reconvenes Oct. 24 and the Prime Minister formally resigns. In all probability, Macmillan will be given an earldom.

Absurd Aberrations. Until then, the Tory Establishment will echo to some of the fiercest infighting in memory. At week's end Hailsham was the delegates' hero, and had already been offered four constituencies by their obliging members, but he irritated many parliamentary leaders by his bulldozer tactics. Moreover, there is little likelihood that Hailsham will be able to divest himself of his title and be elected for two months: at week's end the London bookies were laying 7 to 4 against his becoming Prime Minister. Maudling (6 to 1 against), who appeared doubtful that the Tories can win in any case, not unhappily began to fade as a serious contender. Lord Home (10 to 1 against) wouldn't say yes and wouldn't say no, but had weighty support among the

party's elder statesmen (and, reportedly, Macmillan).

Rab Butler was favored by 40% of Tory voters questioned in a Daily Mail snap poll—second-running Hailsham got 35%—and bookies' odds were 6 to 4 that he would get the job. As Acting Prime Minister, Butler won from grudging colleagues and rivals the initial advantage of giving the windup speech in Macmillan's place. But on the whole, it was a strangely lackluster performance. Capitalizing on the test ban treaty, the one clear triumph for the government in a year of frustration, Butler pledged that Britain would press its allies to "keep up the momentum" of negotiation with the Russians, and hinted at a summit meeting.

In a swipe at Britain's unilateral disarmers, he said: "The treaty was not achieved by agitators sitting down in the public highway, but by statesmen sitting around the conference table." And he offered some invigorating invective against the "immature nonsense of socialism," which is trying to turn Great Britain into Little England. In a fourth Conservative election victory, said Butler, his party "must reject and repudiate these absurd aberrations of the left-wing mind."

WEST GERMANY

Duty Done

As a child, Konrad Adenauer was instructed by his father: "Do not let yourself be diverted until you have finished, not even if a cannon goes off at your elbow." Amid thunderous salutes on the eve of his retirement, West Germany's 87-year-old Chancellor remained faithful to that maxim. This week Ludwig Erhard, his longtime Economics Minister, against whose succession he had fought bitterly, takes over as Chancellor. In Bonn's Palais Schaumburg, Adenauer gaveled to order the 700th and last Cabinet meeting since he took office in 1949.

Stiff and stony-faced, *der Alte* wasted

no time on *Wehmut*, the sweet melancholy that Germans usually lavish on such occasions. Instead, he launched into a withering attack on President Kennedy's proposal to sell wheat to Russia, calling it a fickle expedient that was inconsistent with Washington's demand last winter that West German industrialists cancel a deal to sell pipeline to Moscow. Demanding that the entire subject of East-West trade be reviewed by the NATO Council, Adenauer insisted that the wheat would ultimately help the Russians fight the West, and he echoed a crack he had made in Munich earlier: "Only the stupidest calves choose their own butcher."

Two Messages. In West Berlin, where he was made an honorary citizen although the welcoming crowds were notably thin, he argued that if grain sales to Russia were justifiable on humanitarian grounds, the West should exact a humanitarian price: demolition of the Berlin Wall. He also jolted his hosts with the remark that he might yet re-enter politics, "if I am asked to do so." As Berlin's Mayor Willy Brandt put it, no one could really believe that Konrad Adenauer would become a political teetotaler.

Throughout the tireless round of farewell appearances—including one at Cologne, the old man's birthplace, where thousands of faithful Christian Democrats rallied to cry *Auf Wiedersehen*—Adenauer returned to two themes that he hoped to leave behind in Germany's consciousness. The first was that any East-West "détente talk" could only lead to "new Munichs." Revealing that he himself last year had offered Moscow a ten-year "truce" in return for better treatment of East Germany's people (he was turned down), Adenauer insisted that any hope of easing the cold war without concessions from Russia is folly. Considering the latest Russian squeeze play against the West in Berlin, no one could say with assurance that Adenauer was wrong.

His other message was that Germans



HONORARY CITIZEN ADENAUER & MAYOR BRANDT IN BERLIN
Auf Wiedersehen from a great statesman.



REBEL COLONEL OU EL HADJ EXHORTING BERBERS IN KABYLIA
Despite rock 'n' roll, the language of machine guns.

must do their utmost to strengthen their new alliance with France, since the two nations' basic interests are "identical." Adenauer now had perfunctory praise for the U.S. allies, whom he had once hailed as "the best Europeans of all"; the British he had scornfully dismissed as only "half-friends."

Personal Continuity. "My God," Adenauer once said, "I don't know what my successors will do if they are left to do as they please." Adenauer knows well that neither Erhard nor Foreign Minister Gerhard Schröder shares his ideas about foreign policy. In "the Erhard era," Bonn will presumably use its influence to strengthen the Atlantic Alliance and bring Britain into the Common Market. The new Chancellor seems determined to resist Charles de Gaulle's vision of an exclusive, inward-looking Europe dominated by France, and to reject France's proffered membership in an independent European deterrent based on De Gaulle's *force de dissuasion*. But even as Adenauer's desk was being carted out of the Chancellor's office in the Palais Schaumburg (he has bought it from the government), he seemed confident that his views would linger on.

What will remain, for a while, is the memory of a crusty, high-handed octogenarian who clung pathetically to power well beyond the moment when he should have relinquished it. Ultimately, however, Konrad Adenauer can only be remembered as the German whose idealism and hardheaded grasp of reality in one decade transformed the nature and condition of 20th century Germany. Winston Churchill accurately called him "the greatest German statesman since Bismarck," but even Bismarck's Germany did not rise from the rubble and bitterness of defeat to the position of respect and responsibility that West Germany enjoys today.

In his own person, *der Alte* restored to Germany the national dignity and political continuity it had lacked since World War I. As his seven children and then 23 grandchildren grew up around him, the years added a few more lines to *der Alte's* face, whose almost Oriental cast is the result of surgery after a near-fatal automobile accident in 1917. But his ramrod back and unflagging vi-

tality became legendary. He often attributed his staying power to the energies he stored up "during my strongest years," when the Nazis sacked him as mayor of Cologne and he did little but tend the roses beside his white hillside house across the Rhine from Bonn.

Request of History. After he became Chancellor at 73, an age when most men's careers are finished, Adenauer did more than make Germany "respectable" again; even as he bluntly admitted his country's guilt for war and for Nazism's horrors, he made clear to most of the world that a whole nation cannot be held guilty for all time. He himself distrusted his fellow countrymen—the "carnivorous sheep" who had followed Hitler to destruction—yet he also believed that "something good can and must be made of the Germans." His solution was to lead his conquered nation "securely into the community of free and democratic peoples of the Christian West."

Few Germans doubt that Konrad Adenauer will achieve his own ultimate request of history. "My wish," he said ten years ago, "is that some time in the future, when mankind looks beyond the clouds and dust of our times, it can be said of me that I have done my duty."

ALGERIA

The Cuba of Africa

For a while, at least, Algeria was back at war last week. In the rugged mountains and deep canyons of the Kabylia region, where guerrillas had fought for independence for 7½ years, new guerrilla fighting erupted that was almost as bitter as the war against the French.

This time it was a struggle between Algerians. On one side stood President Ahmed Ben Bella, whose Socialist dictatorship has so far brought his country little beyond unemployment and hunger. On the other side were 1,000,000 dissident Berbers, led by two of Ben Bella's wartime comrades whose ideology is vague, but who oppose his ruthless power drive and his economically disastrous rule.

Sniping at Comrades. At first, Ben Bella pretended to ignore the rebellion. Casually he dropped in to visit an Al-

giers training school, where he sipped tea and played games with orphaned shoeshine boys learning a new trade. He tried to dispose of the dissidents with ridicule. One of the rebel leaders, Hocine Ait Ahmed, had spent much of the war in French prisons (with Ben Bella himself). Told that Ait Ahmed was now wearing an Algerian army uniform, Ben Bella laughed: "He never got a chance to wear it during the war. I hope he enjoys it." As for the other rebel chieftain, Colonel Mohand Ou el Hadj, who has a brilliant wartime record against the French, Ben Bella contemptuously blamed his defection on the fact that "we were going to nationalize his restaurant in Algiers."

While sniping at his former comrades, Ben Bella launched a campaign to boost his own popularity. For the first time in seven months, war widows received their pensions. Large shipments of food, much of it donated by the U.S., were hastily trucked to the hungry countryside. Ben Bella seemed to think that he could rally the country against the rebels with promises of further nationalization. But the seizure of medium-sized French land holdings, whose owners had paid better wages than does the government, was far from popular, and no one seemed to think that Algeria's economic misery would be solved by last week's nationalization of 43 butcher shops, 30 bakeries, and several ice-cream and soda-pop factories. The crowds that turned out to hear his speeches were notably unenthusiastic.

Reluctantly, Ben Bella postponed his scheduled trip to the U.N. General Assembly and openly threatened the rebels. "There will be no discussion with the criminals, no bargaining," he shouted. "They only understand the language of machine guns."

Sheepish Smile. Even as Ben Bella spoke, his army moved. A convoy of seven Soviet-made 85-mm. cannon, a batch of 37-mm. antiaircraft guns and two fresh battalions rolled along twisting roads into the mountain town of Tizi-Ouzou, on the edge of rebel-held territory. Encamped along the high ridges were the guerrillas. They were equipped with heavy machine guns and recoilless cannon, which they cleaned constantly when they were not listening

to their transistor radios or posing for Western news photographers. Indian-style signal fires on the mountain spread news of the government troops' approach. But each side was unwilling to be the one to touch off a civil war.

Near rebel headquarters in Michelet (pop. 4,000), a government advance was blocked by two cattle trucks jammed with rebels. The opposing commanders were polite. "How can I shoot this man?" asked the rebel colonel, waving a submachine gun in one hand and a Luger pistol in the other. "He served under me during the war against the French." The regular army major smiled sheepishly. Both men retired to

James Wilde, with the government forces, reported that the tanks moved into town with their radios blaring rock-'n'-roll music. The guerrillas faded into the wild hills they know so well, vowing to keep up their resistance.

At week's end Ben Bella called a press conference and proclaimed that the rebellion was finished. He also announced that his border dispute with Morocco (whose King Hassan II has no use for Marxist Ben Bella) will be negotiated. Then he moved to seize the political offensive. The rebels have long demanded an F.L.N. party conference at which veterans of the war against the French could challenge Ben Bella's policies. Last week Ben Bella finally agreed to hold an F.L.N. meeting—some time in 1964.

What still worries Ben Bella's critics, as well as the West, was well expressed by Algeria's Communist newspaper, *Alger Républicain*. Asked the paper rhetorically: "Why shouldn't we be the Cuba of Africa?"

FRANCE

The Sparrow & the Dilettante

"The ship is sinking." Jean Cocteau mourned last week when he was told of Edith Piaf's death. It was a typically melodramatic lament for the waning of a French world that began with cubism and ended, more or less, with existentialism. Several hours later, Cocteau himself died of a heart attack at the age of 74. In one day France had lost both an esthetic arbiter of its intellect and a guardian—or at least a mascot—of its heart.

Singing to Live. Hollow-checked and not quite five feet tall, Edith Piaf looked the part. She was born in wretchedness and squalor in a Paris working-class district, was abandoned by her mother, and lived in a brothel run by her grandmother. A childhood disease blinded her for four years, and at 16 she gave birth to an illegitimate daughter, who died in infancy. Heart-broken, she began singing outside sidewalk cafés, lived on the coins tossed at her feet.

A café owner heard and hired her. He dressed his tiny discovery in a simple black dress and changed her name from Gassion to Piaf—argot for "little sparrow." The scrawny singer with the hoarse, throbbing voice that seemed far too powerful for so small a source was an instant success. Soon all France was listening to her tender, shamelessly sentimental songs.

But even in success, *la vie en rose* eluded Edith Piaf. Her greatest love, Boxer Marcel Cerdan, was killed in a plane crash in 1949, and her first marriage ended in divorce. Four separate automobile accidents all but crushed her frail body, and she was racked with ulcers, jaundice, arthritis, and cirrhosis of the liver. She took to drugs and young men, married her second husband, Hairdresser Théo Sarapo, 25, only last year, when she was 46. Each

misfortune marred her voice but only seemed to give new poignancy to her artistry. Despite doctors' warnings, the nearly crippled singer insisted on going on tour because she had to "sing to live." Said she: "Each pain gives something inside; the more pain you have, the more joy. Pain is an obligation."

Best at Conversation. Pain seemed foreign to Jean Cocteau because it was in such bad taste. In the sweep of French life and letters, he was the incomparably protean, mercurial, acrobatic, magical virtuoso—"a one-man band," as he called himself. He was the eternal dilettante—novelist, poet, *farceur*, essayist, film maker, actor, painter,



CHANTEUSE PIAF
"Pain is an obligation."

a rock pile near a garage on the outskirts of town, where they smoked cigarettes, chewed grass and argued excitedly while the whole town—plus Western television crews—observed the confrontation. Finally, after 30 minutes, both men stood up, shook hands, and the army major drove off in his Jeep, a crowd of children chasing him down the road.

This stalemate could not long continue. At 3 o'clock one morning, government forces supported by light tanks opened a two-pronged assault on Michelet. In Algiers, the Defense Ministry said its troops fired only when fired upon, claimed that only three government soldiers fell. But some shooting went on all night, and ambulances were spotted racing along the winding roads. Before noon, the army had occupied Michelet without resistance from the townspeople; TIME Correspondent

Incensed by truthful reports of the rebellion against his regime, and the headline treatment it got in the U.S., Ben Bella summarily expelled bureau chiefs of the Associated Press and United Press International, the correspondents for the Paris newspapers *Le Monde* and *L'Aurore*, and a French freelance



VIRTUOSO COCTEAU
"Scandal is indispensable."

sculptor, choreographer, composer, actor—and above all, talker. "Nothing he has written," said one of his friendly critics, "is worth half an hour of his conversation." He despised the limitations of professionalism. "The only way to make a good film is to know nothing about film making," he once said. "Go straight at it unprepared, and ask for the impossible."

He was born of rich bourgeois parents with a passion for the arts, at 20 published his first volume of poetry, *La Lampe d'Aladin*. Its success plunged the reedy young poet into the world of Proust, Picasso, Diaghilev and Stravinsky. Many give him credit for scattering ideas in a dozen surrealist arts, but it will never be clear precisely who inspired (or copied) whom. Of Cocteau's ballet, *Parade*, André Gide wrote: "Cocteau knows the sets and costumes are by Picasso and the score by Satie, but he wonders if Picasso and Satie are not by him."

Living to Shock. Turned down for military service during World War I, Cocteau roamed the battlefields on his own, caring for the French wounded. After the death of his lover, Novelist



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Raymond Radiguet, Cocteau took to opium, later kicked the habit and led a campaign against dope addiction. At moments he could be as sentimental as any Piaf song, which is why it was difficult to take him seriously as a poet of evil. Yet guardians of public morality damned his books (*Les Parents Terribles*), plays (*The Infernal Machine*), and films (*Beauty and the Beast*) as immoral and unhealthy.

Cocteau never stopped trying to shock the bourgeois out of their lethargy, and complained when they grew increasingly unshockable. "I have never caused scandal without premeditation," he said. "I deem it indispensable." Eight years ago, this determined, dedicated *enfant terrible* applied to the stodgy, conservative French Academy. "Since it is now fashionable to laugh at the academy," he said, "I have remained a rebel by joining it."

Grief for the Academician and the former street singer was nationwide—the French only bury their politicians but mourn their artists. With the deaths of Piaf and Cocteau, France had been robbed of two incomparable figures, whose joint epitaph might well be Piaf's defiant song, *Je ne regrette rien*.

ITALY

"Like Pompeii . . ."

A twisted bicycle. A flattened toy gun. A silver corkscrew. A blue-handled screwdriver. A brass hand mirror. A child's pencil case. A green alarm clock. A yellowed baby picture. A small wall of fire. A mattress. A red and black shawl. A lone playing card (the king of clubs). An ancient Olivetti typewriter. A crumpled Fiat. An electric pylon twisted off its concrete base. A church steeple protruding from the mud. Such were the scattered remains of a town called Longarone, which last week was wiped off the face of the earth.

At 10:35 one night, while most of Longarone's inhabitants slept or watched a soccer game on television, a huge chunk of a nearby mountain called Toc broke loose and fell 650 ft. into the 873-ft.-high Vaiont Dam, 2½ miles from the town. The splash sent a 300-ft.-high tidal wave across the reservoir. Spilling over the lip, the avalanche of water cascaded into a gorge leading to the nearby Piave River. It churned up tons of rock and mud, and hit Longarone, and the flood bounced off a mountainside, turned around, hit Longarone again, and continued down the Piave Valley.

Sudden Darkness. Householders in neighboring towns leaped from their beds fearing an earthquake as the torrent of water and debris thundered past. Then they noticed that the lights of Longarone had gone out. In just seven minutes, virtually everything and everybody in the chalet-bedecked *villaggio* had been swept away by water or entombed in mud. With pickaxes and shovels, soldiers dug fearfully into the muck, by week's end had unearthed



SURVIVORS & REMAINS OF LONGARONE
In just seven minutes.

1,500 bodies. Of Longarone's peaceful populace of 3,500, the *carabinieri* feared that only a handful survived.*

Poking through the scant ruins, Public Works Minister Fiorentino Sullo mourned: "A truly Biblical disaster, like Pompeii." As the dead were stacked in a mass grave, angry Italians demanded an investigation. Before Vaiont Dam was built four years ago, local residents tried to get the hydroelectric project halted on grounds that the surrounding mountains were too avalanche prone. Mount Toc threw down such landslides so regularly that its nickname was "The Walking Mountain." But the government approved the reservoir anyway.

Creeping Warning. Last week, with Italy's Communists eagerly in the forefront, critics asked why the private electric company that constructed the dam before its nationalization a few months ago did not build a retaining wall to hold back Mount Toc. Moreover, loose earth had been creeping down the mountainside for two weeks prior to the disaster; the dam's supervisors had lowered the reservoir level 21 ft. and evacuated some smaller villages above the reservoir. But even though it lay directly in the dam's path, Longarone was not evacuated.

In an effort to pacify the survivors, Premier Giovanni Leone flew to the scene. He was not notably successful. Leone promised: "We will build you a new city." Asked one man bitterly: "What will we put inside the houses? Collins?"

* If so—the final toll may not be known for weeks—the tragedy would surpass the worst previous dam disaster on record, the U.S.'s Johnstown, Pa., flood of 1889, which claimed 2,209 lives.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Inviting a Judgment

The U.N. has rarely considered whether Communist dictatorships or leftist "guided democracies" violate human rights. But last week the General Assembly concerned itself with "the violation of human rights" in South Viet Nam, as represented by the Diem government's treatment of the Buddhists. However reprehensible and clumsy the regime's role in the Buddhist crisis may be, many of its accusers were scarcely models of democracy.

The group requesting debate of the issue included Algeria, whose frankly dictatorial government is fighting to put down an insurrection, effectively controls the press, and last week expelled one U.S. and four French newsmen; Indonesia, whose ruler "for life," President Sukarno, runs a nasty little jungle tyranny; and Outer Mongolia, a Communist puppet.

Neutralist Ceylon's Ambassador Sir Senarat Gunewardene, neglecting to note that his own government has nationalized Roman Catholic schools and is forcing out Christian missionaries, charged Catholic President Diem with depriving the Buddhists of "life, liberty and security."

Surprise Move. The Russians happily joined the U.N. fray. But the accused had the best of the argument—for the moment. In a move prepared with U.S. encouragement, South Viet Nam's U.N. observer, Dr. N. P. Buu Hoi, sent a letter to Assembly President Carlos Sosa Rodriguez: "My government has asked me to extend an invitation to the representatives of several member states to visit Viet Nam in the very near future



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so that they may see for themselves what the real situation is."

Taken by surprise, the Russians made a futile attempt to name as the fact-finding mission the old 1954 Indo-China International Control Commission, which included Poland. But after behind-the-scenes bargaining, the Assembly decided to let Sosa Rodriguez choose the delegation. He appointed to it the U.N. representatives of Afghanistan, Brazil, Ceylon, Costa Rica, Dahomey, Morocco and Nepal. The mission was expected to leave this week.

Act of Treason. Most countries with an internal crisis have usually told the U.N. to stay out. By inviting the U.N. in, Diem shrewdly cut short prolonged discussion of his regime on the Assembly floor, while providing himself with an opportunity to tell his side of the story. What his side is, Diem made clear in an address to the National Assembly. Said he: "In the face of an implacable enemy, any factional solidarity which harms national solidarity is an act of treason."

Even Diem's severest critics in Saigon concede that there was no serious religious persecution until the present troubles began, and that the Buddhist movement has become a political force dedicated to Diem's overthrow. His regime meanwhile freed 125 Buddhists and sympathizers in Hué who were jailed after last August's riots; how many others are still being held is not known.

What does seem clear is that the Buddhists' startlingly efficient tactical and propaganda leadership has been severely hurt. Many of the dissident Buddhists, if they are not in jail, have apparently gone underground. Last week leaflets, signed by something called "The Unified Movement for the Rescue of Buddhism," called for a general strike, date not announced.

Supreme Confidence. Meanwhile, the mean, hard war went on. South Vietnamese casualties for last week were reported at 350, including 70 dead; the Viet Cong's at 400, including 300 dead. But for the fifth week, the Viet Cong captured more weapons than it lost.

One day last week a T-28 fighter-bomber flown by a U.S. Air Force captain and his Vietnamese crewman crashed on a dive-bombing run southwest of Danang, near the Laotian border. When two UH-34 Marine helicopters, carrying a search-and-rescue party, fluttered into the guerrilla-infested area, both choppers crashed. The craft lay 1,000 yds. apart, one in a river, the other across a ridge in the jungle; whether they were shot down was not clear. Braving heavy guerrilla fire that injured three more marines and killed another Vietnamese crewman, more rescuers reached the scene, found all twelve men aboard the helicopters dead, and recovered their bodies. The disaster brought to 118 the number of Americans killed in Viet Nam.

In his National Assembly address, Diem professed supreme confidence

about the war. He claimed that of 11,864 projected strategic hamlets, 8,600 have already been built and 10.5 million peasants grouped in them. He implicitly conceded U.S. criticism that the hamlets may be being built too fast for best results, but he argued that there is no other way. In a warning to the U.S., which is trimming nonmilitary aid to Diem in an effort to pressure him into liberalizing his rule, Diem said that despite the Sino-Soviet split Red China is intensifying "its aggressive and expansionist policy in Asia."

RED CHINA

Double Defection

As dawn broke over Tokyo one day last week, Chou Hung-ching decided he had no time to spare. Chou, 44, was an engineer with a seven-member scientific delegation from Red China; in five hours the group was scheduled to start back to Peking. Casually, Chou told his colleagues that he was going to take an early morning stroll. He walked slowly out of the Palace Hotel, picked up speed as he left the lobby, then ran into the middle of the street, where he stuck out both arms and desperately flagged a cruising taxi.

In faltering Japanese, Chou ordered the cabbie to take him to the Nationalist Chinese embassy. But the driver did not know the way, and for ten tortured minutes they rode around aimlessly. Finally Chou asked to be taken to the embassy of Red China's newer enemy—the Soviet Union. That happened to be just around the corner. Chou excitedly jumped out, found the front gate locked, and scrambled over the seven-foot concrete wall—leaving behind a startled, unpaid taxi driver. Inside the embassy the Russians were equally surprised. Peking was a "terrible place," Chou said. He had decided to escape from Red China because of the "suffocating atmosphere" of Communism. He was willing to go to Russia, but Nationalist China was really his preference. Somewhat disappointed over their guest's political outlook, the Soviets turned Chou over to Japanese police, who say he can go to Taiwan any time.

Far more useful to the Soviets was a second Red Chinese defector who may well turn out to be a prize in the Sino-Soviet cold war to date. He was Chou Hsiang-pu, since 1957 a second secretary of Peking's legation in London. Chou was en route back home via Moscow with his wife and two children when he decided to stay in the Russian capital. Word soon leaked out to the Western press, but Kremlin officials clammed up about their catch and refused to confirm or deny the escape. One reason for Moscow's reticence: a man named Chou Hsiang-pu was one of Peking's security agents during the 1954 Geneva conference on Indo-China. If he is the defector, he probably has a far more interesting tale to tell Moscow than any ordinary diplomat.



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PEOPLE

Russian-born Hearst Society Gossipist **Igor Cassini** (Cholly Knickerbocker to his readers), charged with "willfully" failing to register as an agent for Rafael Trujillo's Dominican Republic, cut a rueful figure in court as he pleaded *nolo contendere* and awaited the judge's sentencing. Short on money for a defense and hopeful of avoiding adverse publicity for his designer-brother Oleg, whom he now works for and lives with, the onetime jet-set traffic dispatcher seemed to have lost his soaring spirits. Says a friend: "His whole life has collapsed. He lost his column. He lost his business, and his wife's death left him with three children on his hands."

He rendered unto Caesar much less than is Caesar's, at least so say the Internal Revenue folk who figure that from 1954 to 1960 Comedian **Sid Caesar**, 41, missed out on paying more than a quarter of a million dollars in taxes. The way I.R.S. adds it, Sid failed to declare quite a bit of dividend dough and allowed himself about \$64,000 worth of expenses that were nondeductible. Sid's lawyers, understandably indignant, have asked that the Government's \$262,694 claim be thrown out as erroneous.

With every Mediterranean ripple, jumpy wire service editors cabled their Athens correspondents to find out where **Jackie Kennedy** and the Onassis yacht *Christina* were. No one could say. Only the White House was able to keep tabs with a special microwave hookup. Culture-conscious Jackie was charting her own Odyssey, over to Lesbos for a look at the island where the poet Sappho was supposed to have thrown herself

into the sea. Then on to Crete for a session with Sister Lee Radziwill, clamoring around labyrinthine Minoan ruins. The last stop was at Delphi, where, intent on the guide's words, she stumbled into a pothole. The First Lady quickly scrambled up and went on for a look at the site of the omniscient Oracle of Apollo, but demurely declined to pose a question.

La nouvelle vogue in Paris is lean 'n' leggy **Jane Fonda**, 25, daughter of the indestructible Henry, who ever since she started a film with French Star Alain Delon, has been spitting truffles at reporters and making the Gauls gaggle with delight. "I will undoubtedly fall in



PAULING & WIFE IN BIG SUR
Doubly rewarded.

winner of the \$51,000 1962 Peace Prize." The award did not stay the critics. Norway's conservative *Morgenbladet* called it a "slap in the face" to such responsible test ban proponents as Maecilian and Kennedy. The New York Herald Tribune held that the prize's esteem had slipped through association with "a placarding peacenik." As for Pauling, who got the news at his Big Sur, Calif., retreat, he remembered that the test ban had that morning gone into effect. "I thought," said he quietly, "that it was a nice day for the committee to make the announcement."

As it must to all new Cabinet members, a press conference came last week to Postmaster General **John Gronouski**. He showed himself to be an amiable fellow with a ready wit. Asked what he thought of third-class mail, he replied: "It doesn't send me most of the time." Gronouski, it turned out, was just trying to be funny, but soon the Post Office Department was swamped with protests. Gronouski was taken into a huddle by his public relations adviser, and his sense of humor has now been stamped **HANDLE WITH CARE**.

Toots Shor, 58, enjoys a little snort now and then, and then so does his buddy **Frank Sinatra**, 47. This time the two wound up their nip-tucking session at a West Side Manhattan joint. Long about 2 a.m. "Sinat" suddenly awarded his 240-lb. pal a few friendly shoulder smacks and a greeting: "Hi ya, Blub." Silence. Then, slowly, The Blub toppled backwards off his perch. "I don't really remember what happened," confesses Toots. But his right wrist broke the fall, then broke itself. Though plastered into a cast for six weeks (complete with evening scarf sling), Toots stiffly states: "Booze is beautiful—with either hand."

Making him the first person ever to win two entire Nobel Prizes, Radium Co-Developer **Marie Curie** won one in 1911 for chemistry, earlier shared one in 1903 for physics.



JANE IN PEEJAYS
Newly uncovered.

love with Delon," said obliging Jane. "I can only play love scenes well when I am in love with my partner." More? "I sent a check to my father recently. He spent a lot of money on me, and it's only natural that I should help him out." Such gems now sparkle all over the French press, nicely complemented by pictures of La Fonda in her man's-shirt peejays or high-riding skirt or skin-clinger slacks. It all suggested the supreme accolade, and she has been duly dubbed *la B.B. Americaine*.

In 1954 Dr. **Linus Pauling**, 62, won the Nobel Prize for Chemistry and promptly began lending his new name to all manner of peace schemes. His biggest broadsides were blurred at nuclear testing and fallout, which, he said, endangered "our yet unborn children." Some found his talk woolly; others found it wonderful. Last week the Norwegian Nobel committee, which never discusses its deliberations, named him



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Change for change's sake is not for the Continental. But those modifications which make possible functional improvements are essential to the Continental concept. The famous profile is just three inches longer than in 1961-2-3; the gain in interior space is remarkable.

In the rear compartment, leg room has

been increased four inches over the 1963 model and there is a gain of 2.5 inches in knee room over 1963. The knee room is more than double that of the 1961-2 Continental. You will also enjoy broader window visibility, and easier entrance through the widened rear doors.

The luggage compartment has 15% more usable space than in 1963, a total increase of 33% over the 1961-2 models.

Yet with all this added space, the classic Continental retains the distinctions that set it apart among luxury automobiles.

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There are no lower priced models, because there cannot be any compromise of standards to offer lesser versions.

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4. The exceptional strength and rigidity of the Continental's integral construction contribute to an unsurpassed ride.

5. Within, you will find virtually every luxury. Down-soft leathers or opulent damasks featured on foam cushion seats. Deep cut-pile carpeting. And much more.

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6. The Continental includes, as standard equipment, full power auxiliaries: steering, brakes, windows, side vent windows, antenna. Automatic transmission. The six-way power seat. Transistor radio and rear speaker. Heater and defroster. Windshield washers. Remote control rearview mirror. The complete list is even longer.

7. Each Continental is built in a special plant at Wixom, Michigan, that establishes and maintains the world's highest automotive engineering standards.

189 straight A's

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Pre-party tips for helpful husbands

1. Assume some of your wife's chauffeuring chores. Pick up the canapes. Get her dress from the cleaner's. Stop at the florist. (How about one perfect rose for her?)

2. You buy the liquor. This prevents feminine flutterings. (If you're not certain what your guests like to drink, remember this: more people prefer Seagram's V.O. to any other imported whisky in the world.)

3. Important: set up bar beforehand. A compartment-ed basket makes an efficient portable bar. Be sure you have enough glasses (twice as many as guests); a good bottle-opener; a sharp knife; an ample ice-bucket.

4. Be sure to have a generous supply of V.O. on hand. Most people like V.O. the first time they try it. Because V.O. has a special light-

ness that actually brings out the brilliance of the whisky.

5. Perform some special gourmet tasks. If you're serving cheeses, you cut them. A whole wheel of Danish Blue Cheese is dramatic and delicious. (Cutting into cheese can be a real he-man job!)

6. Have a wonderful time. Wish we were there!

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EDUCATION

UNIVERSITIES

The Y of It All

To most of the students and faculty at Yale, husky, engaging Kingman Brewster Jr., 44, has long been the odds-on favorite to succeed President A. Whitney Griswold who died of cancer last April. As university provost and thus Yale's No. 2 faculty officer since 1961, Brewster had proved to be a hard-working combination of scholar and administrator, and succeeded in charming New Haven in the bargain. But there were dark rumors of dissent among the 16 members of the arcane council that had the power of final decision, the Yale Corporation. For one thing, academic purists pointed out solemnly, Brewster had neither M.A. nor Ph.D. And though he was indeed a Yaleman (A.B. '41), his law degree came from, of all places, Harvard.

Five months passed as the Corporation struggled with its doubts and pondered other names, leading the Yale News & Review last week to explode with exasperation: "Is it too much to ask that the members of the Yale Corporation resolve to stay in session this weekend until they have chosen a president?" Whether or not stung by this rebuke, the Corporation gathered around a highly polished table in Woodbridge Hall and finally agreed on a name: Kingman Brewster.

Point of View. Yale's 17th president fits no educator's conventional mold. In college, he rose to become chairman of the Daily News, but on Tap Day, when Yale juniors are selected for secret societies, a delegation from Skull & Bones searched for Brewster in vain, finally found him firmly seated on a basement toilet, from which perspective he declined membership. At the start of World War II, when Yale's President

Charles Seymour was a vigorous internationalist in support of all-out aid to Britain, Brewster argued for the America Firsters in college debates. But when the U.S. went to war, Brewster promptly joined the Navy and became a fighter pilot.

After the war, at Harvard Law he caught the eye of Professor Milton Katz who took him to Paris as a special assistant at the burgeoning Marshall Plan headquarters, later helped him get his first teaching job—an assistant law professorship at Harvard.

Old Grad Sailor. The path back to Yale started at Martha's Vineyard, Mass., where the Brewsters and their five children spend their summer sailing. A neighbor and fellow sailor at Vineyard Haven was Whitney Griswold. Becoming good friends, the Old Grad and the President ribbed each other unmercifully. "What are you doing to my alma mater?" Brewster would roar, joshing Griswold about student riots at New Haven, losing football teams or his presidential speeches. When the rumor spread that Brewster was under consideration as next dean of the Harvard Law School, Griswold in 1960 offered Brewster Yale's provost job. "The idea came to me as a surprise," says Brewster, but he promptly accepted. "Although it was completely unrelated to anything I had done in the past, it seemed a good time to find out if I would be any good at it." He lost no time proving he was a natural. And as acting president for the past five months, he has been operating boss of a \$45 million budget and overseer of some 8,400 students and 2,000 faculty. Brewster has made few mistakes. No one doubts that the official transition from No. 2 to No. 1 will be equally smooth and painless.

STUDENTS

Where the Brains Are

Hardly anyone imagines girls attending mighty M.I.T. Yet last week Tech, as Boston calls it, dedicated its first women's dormitory to go with its first women's dean, an attractive blonde lured from nearby Radcliffe. As it turns out, Tech has 238 girls—all swimming fast and straight in a sea of 6,860 men.

Girls at M.I.T. go back to 1871, when an uppity Vassar grad applied to study chemistry. The faculty let her in, but carefully kept her name (Ellen Swallow) off the rolls. She wound up on the faculty, and in 1883 the whole place went coed—turning out such alumnae as Battleship Designer Lydia G. Weld ('02) and City Planner Elisabeth Colt ('18). More than half of Tech's living alumnae work fulltime as artists, aerodynamicists, doctors, ministers, missile developers and math professors. Still, the total number is small—only 572 women hold M.I.T. degrees.



CLASSROOM SCENE AT M.I.T.

A girl can design a battleship.

Elegant Equations. One reason is that high schools have steered girls away from M.I.T. for years. Many seem to be unaware that the place is coed; others put it down as misogynist, or too tough. Few know that M.I.T. offers humanities courses, and well-lit ones, too. And there is the lingering Boston image of the Tech coed as "a girl five feet tall and equally wide, a slide rule hanging at her belt, who can speak only in differential equations."

The only truth in this picture is that Tech girls have brains. They consistently do as well as or better than the boys. All take the same standard freshman calculus and chemistry; most wind up majoring in math or science. As for looks, Tech now boasts striking equations—long legs, wind-blown hair, fresh faces—attached to creatures who turn out to be working on doctorates in fluid dynamics while researching hydrofoils for the Navy.

"Deep People." Tech girls have problems. "You feel like a cow at auction," says one. "You have to walk a mile to find a ladies' room," says another. But over the years they have made a virtue of their small numbers. "We're a powerful minority," says 19-year-old Sue Colodny. The only girl in a class gets plenty of professorial attention. "Every activity on campus wants girls," glows one of them, and a freshman reports that getting a date required only the merest smile. "It's wild," she says.

What makes it sound wilder is that Tech girls can visit Tech boys in their rooms for at least six hours a day (traffic the other way is restricted). The visits are mainly devoted to the "study date," a circumspet Tech tradition born of the pace as well as the propinquity. Tech girls adore "deep people." They scorn "meats" (inarticulate athletes), and go for "tools" (grinds) only if they can be "unlocked" (relaxed). That still leaves plenty of minds to meet: about 40% of Tech girls marry Techmen—much preferring them to Harvardmen, who are "all the same."



YALE'S BREWSTER

A toiler from the Vineyard.

THE LAW

THE SUPREME COURT

The Center of the Storm

Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! All persons having business before the honorable, the Supreme Court of the United States are admonished to draw near and give their attention, for the court is now sitting. God save the United States and this honorable court.

The summer vacation ended with the traditional cry of the marshal. And the very haste with which the court hustled through ceremony and got down to its closed-door business testified to its crowded calendar. The nine black-

in length of service, at the other end. No one else is permitted in the room while the court is deliberating. If someone knocks at the door, it is opened by the junior justice, now Arthur Goldberg. The justices come to the conference prepared with a list of the cases to be taken up that day; they present their views in order of seniority, the Chief Justice speaking first. Voting is done in reverse order—Goldberg first, Warren last. An application for review is accepted whenever at least four justices vote to consider it—the court feels a majority is unnecessary for acceptance.

This week the court returns to public



JUSTICES & CHIEF*

No one else is permitted in the room.

robed justices spent just 24 minutes admitting 70 new attorneys to practice before them; then they retired to their spacious, book-lined conference room. There they devoted the rest of the week to deciding which of the appeals and petitions that had piled up during the summer merit consideration. By their choice of cases, the justices would determine the issues they will be ruling on in months ahead. "We are very quiet there," Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes once said. "But it is the quiet of a storm center."

When they gather to consider which cases to review—perhaps 30 or 35 out of a record submission of 613 this summer—the justices shake hands all around to symbolize their unity of purpose. They sit at the conference-room table with Chief Justice Earl Warren at the head and Hugo Black, most senior

session to hear oral argument on cases that came before it during the last term. Most important questions involved:

- **DISCRIMINATION.** Does it violate the Federal Constitution when state or local police powers are used to enforce race discrimination in privately owned public accommodations? The court will consider five related cases of civil rights demonstrators arrested on trespass charges at a restaurant and an amusement park in Maryland, lunch counters in South Carolina and Florida. Since a ban on discrimination in public accommodations is part of President Kennedy's pending civil rights bill, the court may sidestep the broad issue, overrule the trespass convictions on narrow grounds.

Seated: Clark, Black, Warren, Douglas, Harlan. Standing: White, Brennan Jr., Stewart, Goldberg.

- **OBSCENITY.** When may governmental authorities censor or ban a book or movie without breaching the First Amendment? In two separate cases, involving bans on Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* and the French movie *The Lovers*, the court may try to clear up the muddle created by past Supreme Court decisions on obscenity.

- **THE FIFTH AMENDMENT.** Does the Fifth Amendment's self-incrimination clause ("nor shall any person . . . be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself") apply to state proceedings? The question comes up squarely in the case of William Malloy, a Connecticut convict who pleaded the Fifth Amendment when a state board questioned him about gambling in which he had been involved.

- **LEGISLATIVE APPORTIONMENT.** What criteria should federal courts apply to state apportionment systems? Last year's historic *Baker v. Carr* decision, which brought state legislative apportionment within the jurisdiction of federal courts, laid down no guidelines. In six cases from four states, the court will have chances to clarify its 1962 opinion.

LAWYERS

The Right Track

Walter E. Craig was born with a problem: his father, grandfather, great-grandfather and two uncles were all lawyers. The legal profession seemed an unavoidable family inheritance, and he wanted to escape. He went to Stanford determined to become an engineer, switched to economics, worked as a fuel and light bulb salesman after graduation. Only when he found out how hard it was to make a living did Craig give in and go back to Stanford to study law. He was on the right track at last. He has prospered handsomely as a corporation lawyer in Phoenix, Ariz., and today he is president of the American Bar Association.

President Craig, 54, is a man with a self-imposed mission: to improve the layman's understanding of law and lawyers. "People are shy of the law and shy of lawyers," he says. "There always has to be a loser in the courtroom, and that means there is a built-in disappointment connected with the law." What is called for, he thinks, is "education as to the fundamentals, the historic principles of American government, so that people can develop an understanding of how the laws came about."

Of Due Process. Craig has long had a vital interest in education. He is a former P.T.A. president, a member of Stanford Law School's Board of Visitors, a founder of the A.B.A.'s program on Education Against Communism, and an enthusiastic advocate of the Continuing Legal Education project, which fosters state and local programs for the instruction of practicing lawyers. In speeches as A.B.A. president, Craig never tires of urging lawyers to take on responsibilities as educators. Last

week, in a speech to the New Mexico bar association in Albuquerque, he called upon lawyers "to lead the American people in a program of education and re-education and rededication to the philosophy of America."

Craig's next stop was French Lick, Ind. Speaking to the Indiana bar association, he argued that the lawyer's ethical responsibilities go beyond mere observance of the rules in the code of professional ethics. The lawyer must be "a guardian of due process," must "assert leadership in the struggle to maintain the philosophy of freedom under law," must accept a responsibility to help "educate our young people to the merit and genius of our complex form of Government."

Too Busy for Business. Craig is also working toward other objectives during his one-year term as A.B.A. president. He plumps for improvements in the compensation and quality of lower-court judges. "About 85% of all justice," he says, "begins and ends in the small courts—justice of the peace and police courts. It never gets any farther, and most people have experience only with such courts. We should have well-qualified men in those courts." Because he thinks there should be more communication between the A.B.A. and lawyers in foreign countries, especially in Latin America, he plans to make a trip to Latin America this fall. During the past 14 months he has been so busy with A.B.A. business that he has spent only six weeks in his own office in Phoenix.

Before long, Craig will probably quit altogether as a practicing lawyer. President Kennedy has appointed him a judge of the federal district court in Arizona, and the Senate recently confirmed him. All that remains is for him to accept. He will undoubtedly do that, but he may defer taking his place on the bench for a while, perhaps until the end of his A.B.A. term next summer.



LAWYER CRAIG
People are shy of the law.

TRIALS

And the Court Said unto Gideon

Every year the U.S. Supreme Court receives hundreds of petitions from prisoners asking to have their cases reviewed. Many are handwritten on prison stationery, some are barely legible, most have no legal merit. But every now and then, one leads to an important decision. This year a handwritten letter from a Florida prisoner named Clarence Earl Gideon brought about a ruling that changed judicial procedures in several states and caused countless new trials in Florida.

Gideon, now 52, already had a prison record when he was arrested in 1961, charged with breaking into a pool hall with intent to commit burglary. At his trial in a Florida state court, he asked the judge to appoint a lawyer to defend him. The judge denied the request, pointed out that under Florida law the court was required to appoint counsel only when a person was charged with a capital crime. Gideon conducted his own defense, was found guilty and sentenced to five years in prison. When the Supreme Court ruled on his petition last March, he had served 1½ years of his term.

Heavier Sentence. In his case, the Supreme Court confronted a familiar, vexing question that had concerned it many times. To what extent are the guarantees of the Constitution's Bill of Rights made obligatory upon the states by the "due process" clause of the 14th Amendment, which says that no state may "deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law"? In 1942, in *Bettis v. Brady*, the Supreme Court held that a defendant's right to counsel in criminal prosecutions was not "fundamental," and therefore did not fall within the scope of the clause. In short, said the court, a state did not have to furnish counsel for an indigent defendant. In ruling on Gideon's appeal, the court briskly overturned the *Bettis* decision, held that "in our adversary system of criminal justice, any person haled into court who is too poor to hire a lawyer cannot be assured a fair trial unless counsel is provided for him."

Florida law officials, even those who felt that the decision was constitutionally sound, were dismayed by its practical consequences. Of the 8,000 prisoners in Florida penal institutions, 4,542 were convicted without benefit of counsel. Already more than 3,000 have petitioned for review of their convictions. Court calendars are jammed; distraught prosecutors are working overtime searching petitioners' records and drawing up answering briefs; county budget directors are hunting desperately for funds to pay for retrials. The only hope for straightening things out, says the clerk of Escambia County's court of records, is to give some "Gideonite" a new trial and reconvict him. "If we give him a heavier sentence than he got



EX-PRISONER, GIDEON

He won a second day in court.

the first time, maybe that will serve as a lesson to the others."

That lesson will not be easy to teach. In many cases where the courts have granted a new trial, it is virtually impossible for the prosecutor to rebuild the case—records and evidence are gone, witnesses have disappeared. Judge Joseph McNulty points to the pending case of a man sentenced to life imprisonment in 1938 for second-degree murder after being tried without a lawyer. "He's pleading not guilty, and it will be impossible to try him. The witnesses are dead or gone, and I'm not sure they can even prove there was a corpse. They'll probably have to let him go."

Improving Justice. While the Gideon decision will undoubtedly lead to the freeing of many prisoners who were guilty as charged, it has also improved the processes of justice in new criminal cases in Florida. After the Supreme Court ruling, Florida speedily passed a public-defender law requiring courts to appoint counsel in criminal cases unless the defendant explicitly waives his right to counsel. And courts have begun to keep fuller, more careful records in all criminal prosecutions.

At the time of the Gideon decision, four states in addition to Florida—Alabama, Mississippi and the two Carolinas—had no laws requiring counsel for indigent defendants except in capital cases. Since then, the legislatures in Alabama and North Carolina have passed measures to provide counsel for lawless defendants in all felony cases. Mississippi courts have adopted a policy of appointing counsel for defendants charged with felonies, and South Carolina judges no longer permit defendants without counsel to plead guilty. In all four states, prisoners have petitioned for review of their cases.

And what of Clarence Gideon himself? He was retried in a state court, acquitted and freed. He is now living in Gainesville, Fla., lawfully employed as an electrician.

MODERN LIVING

TRANSPORTATION

What to Do When the Pilot Dies

There are now no fewer than 149,755 private pilots in the U.S., and the day has gone when the only pilots soloing were barnstorming stuntmen or crop dusters. Today's passengers may be wives, sweethearts, best pals or business clients. Inevitably, the chilling ques-

JOAN KASLER



PILOT PARKER & FAMILY
Just say: "It's Mabel—Help!"

tion has occurred to them: "What would I do if he blacked out now?"

Not that either heart attacks or other seizures are more common among the new flying fraternity than more earth-bound men. But they are more disastrous, and the time may come when elementary piloting is taught in every U.S. high school (as car driving is in many states). In the meantime, such training is already under way for members of a group that feels the need for it: private-flyers' wives.

In Palm Springs, Calif., at the convention of the Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association, 150 wives were taking a seven-day course in handling and landing a light plane. Some, such as Judy Parker, even brought their children—present and future. Nobody mentioned the medical contingencies that lay behind the course, but it was obvious: the women flew from the copilot's seat, rather than the pilot's seat on the left, where regular students are taught. But the instruction, designed to undercut feminine fears and build confidence that they could handle a plane, was simple and optimistic enough to make an oldtime pilot blush.

"In an automobile accident—bing, now you're driving, now you're not," said Ground School Instructor Donald Sundin. "But take a plane now, and you've got time to do things. Say you lose an engine at 5,000 feet. Well, you lose maybe 500 or 600 feet a minute, and you glide 11 miles a minute. That

gives you about ten minutes during which you can find a spot to land within a 900-square-mile area." Sundin burned into the students' brains the radio frequency of 121.5 megacycles, the universal "Mayday" channel. "Now," he pointed out, "if something goes wrong, you just turn to that frequency and say 'It's Mabel—Help!' and they'll help. Why, they'll clean every other airplane out of the area for you, Mabel, and they'll talk you right into a nice, greasy landing." Mabel grasped the copilot steering wheel—which in today's planes reassuringly looks and operates much like a car's—and began to feel that flying wasn't all that complicated.

As the "Pinch-Hitter Program" progressed, many a woman became almost enthusiastic. Some of the men, in fact, were less confident than their wives: Joe Van Coelen of Belmont, Calif., even refused to let his wife use his plane to learn in, but rented one for her instead. She—close to 70—was able to land within the second hour of her training.

Another fledgling, after being complimented by her instructor on her skill, asked him not to tell her husband. "If he hears about it," she explained, "the old goat will always be wanting to go to sleep and make me fly."

THE TELEPHONE

Beep Line

One evening last year Joseph Jaarus, 19, of Grand Rapids dialed local radio station WLAV to ask that Disk Jockey Tom Quain play his favorite number, *I Need You*. As usual, the line was busy. But just as he was about to hang up, Joseph thought he heard a babble of voices through the beeps of the busy signal. "Hello?" he ventured, curiously. "Hello!" shouted some of the voices. Joseph Jaarus had made contact with the beep line.

Greatest Since Kissing. The beep line comes and goes among teen-agers all over the U.S.—a kind of electronic equivalent of the old-fashioned tree trunk on which people used to hang messages. It is partly just sad and fun, partly a way of getting dates.

It works because, on much of the nation's telephone equipment, every call reaching a busy number is shunted away into a ganglion where the busy signal is produced. It is possible, therefore, for everyone getting the same signal to communicate between the beeps on a giant conference call that sounds like a convention of tomcats in an aviary.

"It's pretty difficult to understand anybody," cheerfully admits David Silver, 20, of Grand Rapids, Mich., "but you sure get to know a lot of kids that way." "It's frantic, really," says Karen Dingle of Dexter, Mich. "The best way to use the beep line is just to ask for vital information such as 'How old are you?' and 'What do you look like?'

and 'Are you a boy or a girl?' and 'What's your telephone number?' Once you have the telephone number, it's easier to talk over the regular line—but it isn't as much fun."

Some call it "Dial-a-Date." In Dallas, they call it "The Grapevine." "It just might be the greatest social game since kissing. It sure leads to that, anyway," says one graduate *aficionado*.

Louder & Louder. Not surprisingly, the telephone company feels that this kind of kissing has to stop. It tends to jam up circuits when one beeper sets up a line by dialing his own number and passing the word around. Beepers who use the numbers of local radio stations or weather bureaus make service useless for large segments of the public.

In Fall River, Mass., Gene Murphy, the telephone company's business manager, finally found out what was playing hooch with the service when he chanced on an item in the teen-agers' column of a suburban weekly that gave the new beep number—a radio station's recorded weather-reporting service. He discovered that in one week the number of "busy" calls made to the station had jumped from 1,495 to 27,928. Murphy boosted the sound of the busy signal, but the teen-agers just shouted louder. So he had technicians do a job of special rewiring on the station's lines to block any outside noise.

The kids, of course, can switch to another number. "They're going to be tough to beat," says Murphy, and Fall River Beeper Tommy Blanda bears him out. "Everybody's doing it, man," exults Tommy. "It's really kicks!"



"BYE BYE BIRDIE!" TEENAGERS
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SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

Judgment on the New Season

Television, which has long since replaced the crackling fire as the cozy thing to sit by of an evening, was once quite a blaze. Machine guns ratta-tattated, switchblades sang, and grandmothers grunted as fists hit their mandibles. In the last couple of seasons, however, the pyrodynamics have agreeably relaxed. All that sputtered now wheezes cordially. None of this season's new series is objectionable. And a handful are quite good.

The best new program on the air is *East Side, West Side* (CBS), which stars George C. Scott as a Manhattan social worker. Well written and excellently acted, the show is neither maudlin nor melodramatic, having disciplined dialogue and high plausibility. The first segment was about a prostitute who was also a devoted mother, a theme that could have been treated with cheap sensationalism, but was presented instead as a sensitive and unsentimental examination of moral ambivalences.

Playhouse '64. The so-called dramatic anthologies are generally well turned. NBC's *Kraft Suspense Theater* premiered last week with a really exciting war mystery. *The Great Adventure*, a CBS program produced by John Houseman, presents a different dramatized event from American history each week. The first was a well-written teleplay, with Jackie Cooper and Charles MacArthur, about the development of a Confederate submarine. And NBC's *Espionage* tells spy stories that, by early returns, show promise.

The Richard Boone Show (NBC) has considerable potential because it has freed the accomplished Boone to

that walks like a man." But the story had a formula slickness.

Oats & Outs. Television has two new westerns this year and one of them is first-rate. *The Travels of Jaimie McPheeters* (ABC) is based on Robert Lewis Taylor's novel about a boy's life in a wagon train on the California trail. It is directed with a spare honesty and superbly acted by Dan O'Herlihy as Jaimie's father. The trail story has its light side, but a necessary, ruthless brutality is always present: women are attacked, children die, a man is knocked cold, then strapped to a horse and sent to a party of hostile Indians. It's his life or everyone's. *Temple Houston* (NBC), whose hero is an 1880 lawyer who rides the circuit looking for work, seems to be as phony as *McPheeters* is genuine, a program on which a flying bullet spins past a man's heels and spins his spurs.

For the first time since the scandals, a network ventured a return to the big-

90-minute double show in which Flatfoot Ben Gazzara has roughly 45 minutes to arrest someone, then Lawyer Chuck Connors spends the remainder of the time preparing and presenting the defense case. The whole is encased in a thin shell of phony dialogue and dramaturgy. Says the defense counsel to the judge: "I ask the court's indul-



WHITMAN IN "CHRYSLER THEATER"
Walking scar.

gence while I present the schizoid face of forensic analysis." The judge might have to sit still, but viewers have their option.

Burke's Law (ABC) may last until Christmas. It features a Los Angeles police captain (Gene Barry) with an independent income who rides around in a Rolls-Royce driven by an Oriental chauffeur. One show features a parrot that squawks: "Rails up 2.6, utilities down 1.4." The cop has less distinguished lines to read. "That," he says, "is the way the body bounces."

Viewers who resist change can find something familiar in ABC's *Breaking Point*, the season's new addition to the psycho ward. Following the tried Kilcasey formula, there's a young, straight-talking psychiatrist and an old, knowing psychiatrist. There is also a slush of psychiatric madden. How long will TV go on mistaking mental upset for high drama?

Startime. All kinds of other stars, big, little and loud, have started their own revues. None was awaited so fondly as Judy Garland, but *The Judy Garland Show* (CBS) is an awesome disappointment. Her voice is a scraping vestige of itself, and her producers have made her seem an interloper on her own set. More happily, *The Danny Kaye Show* (also CBS) has been a thorough delight and need only be maintained. There is no thematic thread—just Danny Kaye, pronouncing Los Angeles in approximate Castilian ("Loth Antheleth") or changing *My Fair Lady* lyrics into baseball songs like *Why Can't a Woman Be More Like a Fan?*

Singer Jimmy Dean (*The Jimmy Dean Show* on ABC) yuks and yatters and carries on with homey talk and Bible songs while the beady eyes within his Herford face rove the studio, missing nothing. Dean, whose recording of *Big Bad John* once sent all teen-agers, is really the darling of their mothers,



PLEASENSE IN "OUTER LIMITS"
Weak ray.

money quiz, with contestants competing for \$100,000 on an ABC show called *100 Grand*. The master of ceremonies behaved like an inquisitor, suggesting that nothing could possibly go wrong, honesty-wise. Something did go wrong. Nobody was watching. The show has already folded.

There will be other foldees. Science fiction has never shot much of a ray into television, and this year's try—*The Outer Limits* (ABC)—is unlikely to start a new trend. Last week Donald Pleasence appeared as a professor who had a neurosurgical operation that harnessed the electricity in his brain, producing a ray-gun effect every time he looked at someone he didn't like. Plop, they fell dead of electrocution. During the show the screen danced and jumped with various antics of the cathode tube, intended to suggest "the mystery which reaches from the inner mind to the outer limits." At the end, an announcer said: "We now return control of your television set to you." That was a mistake. They'll never get control of it again.

Optional Midden. ABC's *Arrest and Trial* has laid an egg with two yolks. Something unique in television, it is a



SCOTT IN "EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE"
Plausible ambivalence.

be anything he likes—lawyer, promoter, his driver, drunk—in successive, unrelated shows. On NBC, Bob Hope's *Chrysler Theater* (Hope is the host, not a performer) began with a play by Rod Serling. It was about a modern-day Chippewa who goes back to his town to avenge his father's death. It frequently sounded good. "You have no tribe," said an old redskin. "You are a scar

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who want to call him in off the street and give him a slice of warm pie with melting vanilla ice cream on it. Incredible as it may seem to ABC's metropolitan viewers, he may be around for a long time. It's a big country.

Jerry Lewis may not be. ABC has given him two full hours (*The Jerry Lewis Show*) to appear on the network—live and largely unrehearsed—each Saturday night. The show is loaded with intramural cracks, tedium, desperate-looking guests reaching for laughs, mechanical dolls that wave their arms and drop their pants, additional tedium, and



STEVENS IN "FARMER'S DAUGHTER"
Imprisoned beauty.

the apparent illusion that several million people want to watch 120 minutes of the scriptless life of a semi-educated egocentric boor.

The Undependables. Oddly enough, the least novel area of the season contains the new situation comedies, long TV's most dependable moneymakers. Apparently, the networks just take it for granted that any six fools and a can of laughter will win high ratings. Paul Henning, who created *The Beverly Hillsbillies*, is obviously attempting to corner corn. He has produced another CBS comedy called *Petticoat Junction*, a kind of Hickadoodle through which runs an old steam train called the Hooterville cannonball. The railroad company is threatening to put the train out of service. Why bother? The Nielsen Limited is barreling up the track the other way.

Patty Duke, the superior child actress of *The Miracle Worker*, plays two roles as "identical cousins," one a square, the other a wild hare, in *The Patty Duke Show* (ABC). Her program works no miracles, but Patty, now 15, is a winning girl and pleasant to watch. Other shows are made palatable by three even riper pomegranates, Inger Stevens, for example, could stand still and smile for 30 minutes and win a higher rating than Joe Valachi pitching for the Dodgers. Unfortunately, she is imprisoned in the script of *The Farmer's Daughter* (ABC), a comedy series loosely based on the old Loretta Young movie. Diann Williams is one of *Harry's Girls* (NBC), a comedy about a dance act that tours Europe. Most pre-adolescents have traveled enough to wince at the show's gauche international flavorings, and the humor is historic ("The count? Tell him

to keep counting."), but Daddy will settle for Diann, a tall, red-haired ex-baton twirler at the University of Miami.

My Favorite Martian (CBS) has a stopper of a girl too. She is Kathy Kersh, Miss Rheingold of 1962, and even a Martian can appreciate her mellow malt and hops. The show itself is really an animated cartoon that uses live people, chiefly Ray Walston as a professor of anthropology from one of the numerous universities on Mars, lately arrived by saucer. He disappears at whim like Topper, and he sprouts antenna horns that boing amusingly. Younger cats should lap him up.

Old Fares, New Standards. On NBC, Imogene Coca has become a gypsy Hazel, a domestic worker who has a new job each week. She and the show are called *Grindl*, one of those committee-tooled cute names that tickle 'em pink in Peekskill, but the old Coca cola still has the fizz that somewhat refreshes. Glynis Johns is that rarity, a beautiful woman who can also be funny. And she even manages to animate *Glynis* (CBS), about a woman who writes mystery stories and gets involved with miscellaneous killers while doing her research. Phil Silvers is back (*The New Phil Silvers Show*, CBS), this time as the shop foreman in an industrial plant. Plotting against management, he is really Bilko in coveralls; but Bilko obviously needs more time to adjust to civilian life. The old Bilko would never have been caught dead "breeding a city mouse and a country mouse to produce a suburban mouse." And Bill Dana has installed his character Jose Jimenez as a bellhop in a hotel. Working with Fellow Bellhop Gary Crosby



SILVERS IN "SILVERS SHOW"
Unadjusted Bilko.

(*The Bill Dana Show*, NBC), Dana pronounces his jays as if they were aitches and people howl. In one episode, Hollywood Hypnotist Pat Collins (TIME, Aug. 2) puts both bellhops to sleep and convinces them that they are Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. They dance through the lobby. Jilarious.

The most sensible standards of TV criticism rate television as comfortable popular culture, capable of rare accidents of quality, but never expected to be anything more than relaxing distraction. By those standards, the new season is more relaxing than distracting.

MEDICINE

INFECTIOUS DISEASES

Kill Those Pigeons?

In Daphne du Maurier's story and Alfred Hitchcock's movie, *The Birds*, it is the birds that go berserk and attack man. Last week in New York City, it was man who, after generations of meek submission to fowl indignities, turned upon the birds. The city government was considering exterminating the pigeons that drop their excrement on park benches, statues and hurrying pedestrians. City officials are convinced at last that the pigeons—up to 5,000,000 of them, by some of the wilder estimates—are an intolerable menace to health. At least 20 deaths this year have been definitely traced to infection by pigeons.

In its natural habitat on European

cliffs, the rock dove (*Columba livia*), with its grey coat, white rump and iridescent head and neck, is an attractive bird. Bred and trained by man, it has become a valiant message carrier, famed for its speed and homing instinct. It has also become a multicolored pest, appealing mainly to snapshotting tourists and aging lonelyhearts who get solace of a sort from feeding the flocks.

And while desecrated, defecated-on statues are immune, live human beings are not. For them, cryptococcosis may be a severe or even fatal illness, usually caught by inhaling dust from pigeon droppings. When the fungus goes no farther than the windpipe and lungs, it may touch off what seems like a bad cold. More severe cases are often mistaken for bronchitis and tuberculosis. But the deadliest form of the disease is inflammation of the brain covering. Cryptococcal meningitis was always fatal until the antifungal drug, amphotericin B, came into use six years ago. Now the death rate is down to about 30% of meningitis victims. But nobody knows exactly how many cases of CN lung disease there are because the vast majority are not diagnosed correctly. New York City records



SCENE IN ST. MARK'S SQUARE, VENICE
A deadly solace for aging lonelyhearts.

about 20 cases of CN meningitis each year, with several deaths.

Roost No More. In other U.S. cities, many health authorities pooh-poo the idea that pigeons are a common cause of illness. But downplaying the danger is a mistake. CN meningitis is increasing in Chicago, and one suburban doctor has had five cases this year.

Some cities have wasted tens of thousands of dollars on futile efforts to keep pigeons away from public buildings with electrified grids, netting, dummies of cats or snakes, and supersonic howls. They might as well have put up a sign, "No Pigeons Allowed!"—which is said apocryphally to have happened in Philadelphia's Rittenhouse Square. The most effective columbigue so far seems to be a gooey chemical trade-named Roost-No-More, which is smeared on the cornices of buildings. It gives the pigeons a mild hotfoot, and they avoid its smell.

At least two cities have declared open war on pigeons and are winning. Cincinnati, where eleven city workers became ill, and one died, after cleaning out pigeon droppings from an abandoned water tower, has started strict enforcement of an anti-feeding ordinance. Fines up to \$50 for violators

have made the pigeon *rara avis* there. Authorities in Buffalo are also making a fight to the finish. They employ five fulltime exterminators, who trap pigeons wherever they can and unobtrusively kill them by wringing their necks. The exterminators are also crack marksmen and shoot pigeons downtown in the early morning.

New York City sentimentalists raised such a howl last week that authorities did not know how to get rid of the birds without losing the pigeon-fancier vote. To trap and kill the birds, they would probably need an amendment to the state conservation law. A few do-it-yourselfers were reported baiting the pigeons with corn, then clubbing them to death with baseball bats. A more scientific and humane though admittedly long-range remedy was proposed by an ornithologist: let the city feed the pigeons all they will eat, but have the corn treated with chemicals that will make the birds sterile.

RESEARCH

Separating the Inseparable

When man prepares such things as foods and drugs, he can keep track of the materials he uses, and thus he will know what the finished product will be made of. But when man tries to take apart some of the enormously complex mixtures of organic chemicals that have been made by nature—most notably, the hundreds of enzymes and other proteins in his own blood, the scores of hormones secreted by his glands, or the dozen antibiotics that may be made in a single fermentation brew—he scarcely knows where to begin. For nature's chemicals may look alike and yet be distinguished by invisible differences of life-or-death importance in medicine.

Last week the Albert and Mary Lasker Foundation announced that its \$663 award of \$10,000 for basic medical research will go to a man who is not a physician, but who has developed a technique for discovering those important differences. The man is the Rockefeller Institute's Dr. Lyman Creighton Craig; the technique is called countercurrent distribution, or C.C.D.

Crystal Pipe Organ. Iowa-horn Chemist Craig, 57, went to the Rockefeller in 1933 and did a monumental job separating the ingredients of ergot. World War II prompted Dr. Craig to switch to a group of chemicals that the armed forces were studying as substitutes for quinine. Among them was chloroquine, and Dr. Craig needed to know whether a chloroquine preparation was reasonably pure or contaminated with too many related chemicals.

Working with Technician Otto Post, he put together an intricate array of glassware that looks like a crystal pipe

In Cincinnati, by coincidence, the last of the native passenger pigeons (*Leptopotes migratoria*), which once darkened Midwestern skies in flocks of billions, died in the zoo in 1914.



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possible good for your skin. (Helps heal nicks, prevent infection. Keeps skin lubricated, moist, comfortable after shaving.)

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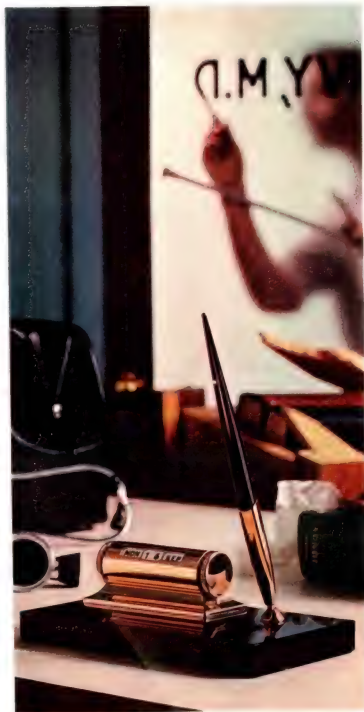


If you think a car is just for getting from here to there, forget it. The Riviera isn't for you. Buick engineers planned the Riviera in the same uncompromising mood that produces a Gran Turismo racer. They gave it an exceptionally low center of gravity, individually tuned front and rear suspension systems, a 340 h.p. engine. They were out to put some adventure back in driving. And it takes less than ten minutes in the comfort of a Riviera's left front bucket seat to discover how well they succeeded. See the '64 Riviera—a great new international classic car—at your Buick dealer's. Fall in love with it. Make the grand gesture and buy it.

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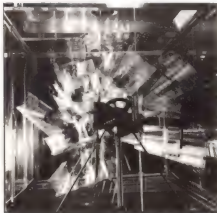
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organ for Queen Mab's palace. It makes no music, but clicks monotonously every 30 to 120 seconds when it tilts to pour off some of its mixture. This C.C.D. machine works on the principle of liquid-liquid extraction: two substances are not likely to be equally soluble in two different solvents. And if the solvents are not soluble in each other, they can be separated. Whatever is dissolved in them will be separated also.

Dr. Craig dissolves the substances to be separated in one of the solvents; the solution is shaken with the other solvent to produce an emulsion (crudest example: oil and water). The substance that he wants to pick out will dissolve more in one component than in the other when



RESEARCHER CRAIG



C.C.D. MACHINE AT WORK
Tick and tilt.

they are all shaken up in the glass tubes. The emulsion causes rapid distribution of the substances between the solvents. After the solvents have separated, the C.C.D.'s electronic brain tells it to tilt and pour off the liquid from the top of each tube into the next tube. Repeated hundreds or thousands of times over a period of hours or days, the process usually yields pure chemical compounds.

From the chloroquine family of chemicals, Dr. Craig moved on to the penicillins, which were being produced under a wartime crash program. He has since turned to bacitracin (another antibiotic), fatty acids, the master hormones of the pituitary gland, the hormones of the parathyroid, and insulin.

Hormones & Cancer. For the Lasker clinical research award, the judges decided that the achievements of two men

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BREAKING LOOSE FOR YARDAGE

10-7 championship struggle between the New York Giants and the Green Bay Packers.

The colleges have always had their ancient rivalries, marching bands and majorettes. But their battle cry was usually "three yards and a cloud of dust." The pros learned that hands can be hired. Copa girls can be taught to twirl a baton, and all rivalries get ancient after a while. When they also discovered the forward pass—the tantalizer, the equalizer, something everyone in the stands could see—they were on their way to owning the world. The forward pass was not invented by the pros; it had been around since 1906. But in the hands of such quarterbacks as Sammy Baugh and Sid Luckman, the pass became the most awesome offensive weapon in the history of the sport—a bolt of lightning that could strike anywhere, any time. Scores soared. The T formation grew flankers and split ends; pro coaches even made room for a third end in the backfield (they called him a "slotback"), began scattering re-

ceivers around the field like leaves in a hurricane.

Joining the Chorus. Suddenly, every youngster old enough to hold a football wanted to be a Y. A. Tittle or a Johnny Unitas. "They see the pros on TV," says Iowa Coach Jerry Burns, "and they pattern themselves after the glamour boys. Nobody wants to be a Rosie Grier or a Big Daddy Lipscomb." Conditioned by the heart-stopping excitement of the pro game, fans implored college coaches to pass, pass, pass. At least one university head joined the chorus. Chancellor Edward Litchfield of the University of Pittsburgh ordered Pitt Coach John Michelosen to open up. "Three things I find intolerable," Litchfield said. "Winning all the time, losing all the time, and being dull. I would rather lose 28-27 than win 7-6." Two weeks ago, when Tittle pulled a fake kick, passed for two extra points and beat California, 35-15, for its third straight victory of the season, the entire student cheering section gave Litchfield a standing ovation as he rose in his box and gave the clenched-fist signal: "Go, Pitt, go!"

Now even the most conservative coaches are caught up in the enthusiasm. At Columbus, Ohio, where 84,000 watched unbeaten Ohio State and unbeaten Illinois battle to a 20-20 tie, Coach Woody Hayes, the grind-em-out granddaddy of them all, let Buckeye Quarterback Don Unverferth throw a season's ration of passes (12). "I'm not throwing the ball just to make people happier," insisted Hayes. "I'm trying to win games. That makes them happier, usually."

Everything to Perfection. In the Year of the Quarterback, Navy's Staubach is easily the most electrifying player in a college uniform. "Just say he's terrific," says Pitt's Michelosen, whose Panthers play the Middies next week. But for nearly half of last year, he was a bench warmer, a green sophomore just up from the plebes, watching and learning from his elders. At last, Navy Coach Wayne Hardin waved him into a grinding, scoreless duel against Cornell. In 23 minutes of play, Staubach turned it into a rout, passing for one touchdown, running for two others. That was enough for Hardin. Staubach was his boy. When Navy played mighty Southern California, the nation's No. 1 team, the point spread was 17; Navy lost, but in a 13-6 squeaker. And then came Army. "If we have a perfect season and lose to Army," says Athletic Director William Busik, "then we're lousy."

Navy was a seven-point underdog. But at Annapolis they raised a banner. "Home of Roger Staubach," and for Navy that evened all the odds. Showing an admirable taste for tradition, he completed eleven out of 13 passes, personally accounted for 222 yds. and four touchdowns as Navy won 34-14. Army Coach Paul Dietzel had the air of a man preparing the excuse for next year. "Staubach is head and shoulders above all the other quarterbacks," he said

"He's a beautiful, unbelievable passer; he's a scrambler and has great split vision; he can run, and that makes it impossible to defend against him and he's a tremendous inspirational leader."

Like Touch. In action, still-legged Quarterback Staubach is vaguely reminiscent of an ostrich. As he steps up behind the center, his arms hang loosely, and he shakes his fingers like a high-jumper warming up for the bar. Then he grabs the ball, rolls out to his right, and the fun begins. "At this point," says a Navy coach, "nobody knows what he's going to do except Staubach and God." He may pass, he may run, or he may just drop back 25 or 30 yds., before he makes up his mind. Navy linemen no longer block just one man; they hit, get up and hit somebody else, "because Roger may be coming back again." His receivers run their normal



COACH HARDIN CONSOLING STAUBACH
Who was lucky?

patterns, then keep dashing around waiting for the ball to come winging into their arms. As Staubach says: "Sometimes it gets to be a little like touch football."

Opposing coaches swear that he has eyes in the back of his head. As he dodges around back there, he has an uncanny "feel" for tacklers closing in on him from behind, and the glint of sunlight off a gold helmet among a swarm of defenders downfield is all he needs to register the position of his receiver. Says Coach Hardin: "Some people will be in a room a thousand times, and when they're out of it, they can't tell how many lights it has, what shape the furniture is, or anything. Staubach could. He sees things."

"That Made It Impossible." If there is a way, short of absolute mayhem, to defend against Staubach, nobody has found it yet. After four games, he leads the nation both in passing (55 of 77, for 742 yds. and four touchdowns) and total offense (1,024 yds. gained). Before the season opener, West Virginia Coach Gene Corum calculated that his bulky linemen were too slow to catch Staubach. So Corum split his defensive ends to keep Roger bottled up, moved his linebackers into the line. "We con-



S.M.U.'S RODERICK, SCORING
Who plays defense?



LOTHRIDGE



BEATHARD



MYERS



NAMATH



BORK



MIRA

Their game is still a game.

tained his running all right," says Corum sourly. "But of course that made it impossible to stop his passing." Calmly sidestepping the puffing Mountaineers, Roger threw 22 passes and completed 17 for 171 yds. Score: Navy 51, West Virginia 7. "When I scheduled Navy," sighed West Virginia Athletic Director Red Brown, "a fellow named Roger Staubach was a freshman in high school."

The next game was more of the same, only better. William and Mary tried to go both ways on defense; drop back to cover Staubach's pass receivers, blitz the linebackers to nip his running in the bud. Another mistake. Roger played greased pig all afternoon. Once, seemingly pinned behind the line of scrimmage, he abruptly reversed his field and rambled for 25 yds. Said William and Mary Coach Milt Drew: "Instead of pursuing and trying to catch him, we should have just waited and eventually he'd come back to us." In all, Roger passed and ran for 297 yds.—a new Naval Academy record—and the Middies won 28-0.

The record lasted one week. Against Michigan, Roger was not only spectacular, he was incredible. In the second quarter tackled for what looked like a 20-yd. loss, he arched as he fell and fired a strike to Fullback Pat Donnelly for a one-yard gain. Said Michigan Assistant Coach Jocko Nelson: "The way he plays, you've got to cover the ushers and the people in the stands. The only way to beat him would be to let the air out of the football." With the ball on the Navy 46 and 13 sec. left in the half, Roger hollered over to Coach Wayne Hardin: "O.K. to go?" Hardin nodded. Roger scampered around, giving his re-

ceivers time to get downfield, then he sailed the ball 34 yds. zip through a Michigan defender's arms and straight into the hands of Halfback John Sai. Sai jogged untouched into the end zone. Roger's score for the day: 14 of 16 passes for 237 yds., plus 70 yds. rushing—another Navy record. Final score: Navy 26, Michigan 13.

Up to Him. Staubach's performance so far this season is more than a tribute to his own splendid talents: it shows how completely today's top college quarterbacks dominate the teams they play for. In the old tight-T and split-T formations, the quarterback was responsible for maintaining the oompah-oompah rhythm of a ground attack—and the coach often ran the team from the bench. But today's quarterback is a thief with ten accomplices. He bosses the huddle, decides the play, totes the ball. What he does is up to him. The best decision makers:

► Southern California's Pete Beathard, 21, is having passing woes: nobody can hang onto his howitzer-like heaves, including All-America End Hal Bodsole, who dropped seven passes in the first four games. Big enough (6 ft. 2 in., 205 lbs.) to play with the monsters on defense, fast enough (he has been clocked at 5.9 sec. for 50 yds. in football gear) to match strides with the halfbacks. Beathard is a master of the run-pass option, key play in Coach John McKay's "Shifty I" attack. He graduates this year, and pro scouts call him "a new Paul Hornung." Says one: "He may wind up a quarterback, a flankerback or a defensive halfback—I don't know which. But, believe me, this boy is a No. 1 draft."

► Northwestern's Tommy Myers, 20, has the face of an acolyte, the poise of

a pit boss—and an arm like a crossbow. A rarity among college quarterbacks, Myers seldom runs a roll-out: he is a drop-back "pocket" passer, throws what the pros call a "soft ball"—a pass that reaches the receiver slightly nose up, is therefore easier to catch. Says Northwestern Coach Ara Parseghian: "Tommy has the knack of throwing to the exact spot where his man is going to be—the way a hunter leads a duck before he pulls the trigger. That is a sixth sense that no coach can instill in a boy." At Ohio's Troy High School, Myers threw 73 touchdown passes, was already so accurate that he could fire a football into a 2-ft. bull's-eye from 30 yds. away. Last year, Sophomore Myers set a college record by completing 15 straight passes against South Carolina, sparked Northwestern to its best season in 15 years: seven victories, only two losses. This year, he has averaged 204 yds. a game on passes, and the Wildcats (season record: 3-1) hope to ride his golden right arm all the way to the Rose Bowl.

► Miami's George Mira, 21, may be the best pure passer in college football: last year, as a junior, he gained 2,059 yds., made four All-America teams. Against Nebraska in New York's Gotham Bowl, he completed 24 passes for 321 yds.—though Miami lost, 36-34. Coaches raved, and pro scouts drooled: "Willie Mays in a football uniform!" said Maryland's Tom Nugent. Perhaps all the praise was too much for "The Matorator," or perhaps Miami is not as good this year as the experts figured. By last week, Mira had gained only 594 yds., seen five of his passes picked off by alert defenders, and was still looking for his first touchdown pass of the season (he had twelve last year). But the pros pay that no heed. Says one scouting report: "A good one. If a receiver can get just one step ahead of the defender, Mira will put the ball in his hands."

► Georgia Tech's Billy Lothridge, 21, is a one-man gang. He runs, he passes, he punts, he kicks, he calls 80% of Tech's offensive plays, and, what's more, he beats Coach Bobby Dodd at his own game: pool. Small wonder that Dodd calls Lothridge "the most valuable player in college today." It was Lothridge who, singlehanded, cost Alabama the 1962 national championship, using his talented toe to get Tech out of trouble nine times with punts that averaged 41 yds. and calmly booting the extra point that sent Alabama down to defeat for the only time all season, 7-6. A wiry, broad-nosed senior, Lothridge is regarded by the pros as an adequate passer, a dependable runner—and the best kicker in college football. In four games so far this season, Lothridge has personally accounted for 52 of his team's 63 points.

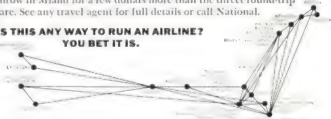
► Northern Illinois' George Bork, 21, is the kind of small-college star no one hears about until he turns up as a pro. The Green Bay Packers want him, so do the Minnesota Vikings, and no less



Climb a coconut tree. Fight a marlin. Watch a jai alai game. Pick 3 winners at the dog races. Lose a golf ball in the ocean. Swish through the Everglades on boats that ride over the water. Rent a skin diving outfit and get down inside the sea. Buy your wife a bikini. Dance all night. National Airlines flies you to all of Florida's key cities. Come on,

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than 15 pro teams have dispatched scouts to DeKalb, Ill. On practically every play, the Northern Illinois team lines up in a shotgun formation, the ball goes to Bork on a direct snap from center, and five receivers fan out across the field. In four straight victories over the likes of Northeast Missouri and White-water (Wis.) State, Bork has attempted 140 passes and completed an even 100 for a fantastic 1,431 yds. and 17 touchdowns. As a high school senior, Bork was too small (5 ft. 10 in., 155 lbs.) to entice big-college football recruiters. But now he stands 6 ft. 1 in., weighs 170 lbs., and is stuffing himself on mashed potatoes for the pros. As one scout says: "Anyone who completes that many passes has what it takes—and I don't care whether he's playing against girls." ▶ Alabama's Joe Namath, 20, is one of those oak-legged Pennsylvania steel-country lads who sifted through 52 college offers before settling on a choice. As a sophomore last year, he announced his arrival at Alabama by flinging three TD passes in the opening game 35-0 rout of Georgia, wound up leading the Southeastern Conference in passing with 76 completions and 1,192 yds., topped off the season by passing for Alabama's first touchdown in a 17-0 victory over Oklahoma in the Orange Bowl. This year, Alabama casually clobbered Georgia (32-7), Tulane (28-0) and Vanderbilt (21-6) before getting its comeuppance from Florida, 10-6. Coach Bear Bryant's complaint is that Namath has not yet bothered to take the wraps off his throwing arm. "It's his greatest asset," says Bryant. Shrugs Namath: "Why should I throw? We're doing fine on the ground."

There are dozens more. Boston College's Jack Concannon has size (6 ft. 3 in., 200 lbs.) and stamina, delights in the long scoring strike that breaks up ball games. The pros especially like Maryland's Dick Shiner ("a stylist") and Baylor's Don Trull ("a football genius"). Even the Ivy is blooming: up on Manhattan's Morningside Heights, Coach Buff Donelli is touting Junior Archie Roberts as the best quarterback in Columbia's history—better than Gene Rossides or Paul Governali, better even than Sid Luckman.

Bird Dogs on Point. As perishable commodities go, there are few things more coveted than a good quarterback. Southern Cal's John McKay spotted Pete Beathard as a junior at El Segundo High School, hardly let him out of his sight for two years. Northwestern's Myers got VIP tours of all but three Big Ten campuses, plus Miami and the University of Florida. Midshipman Roger Staubach is a prize product of perhaps the most extensive recruiting service in college football. "We don't dodge it," says Rip Miller, Navy's assistant athletic director. "We recruit like mad." Unlike most colleges, which have only 50 or so athletic scholarships, Navy has an open number of appointments, operates on a volume basis "in hopes

that some of them will turn out to be good." Working for Miller are 100 "bird dogs," or scouts, strategically spotted around the U.S.—75 of whom, oddly enough, never had anything to do with the Navy.

The Navy bird dog who spotted Staubach was Cincinnati Businessman Richard Kleinfeldt, and he still comes to a twanging point every time he thinks about it. The only son of a salesman, Roger was the original Wheaties ad—neat, well-mannered, studious, and absolute murder on a football field. By the time he was a senior at Cincinnati's Roman Catholic Purcell High School (B student, nine-letterman, president of the student council), the whole city was talking about his Saturday afternoon heroics. "Purcell had a reputation for being a school where the quarter-



MARIANNE & ROGER

Engaged to be engaged.

back never got dirty," says one of his high-school coaches. "After all, you don't carry coal in a Rolls-Royce." Oh no?

Against archival Elder High, Roger crossed up the defense by tucking the ball under his arm on a bootleg and sprinting 60 yds. down the sidelines to a touchdown. College scholarship offers poured in from 30 schools. According to Roger's mother, Ohio State's Woody Hayes "must have spent a fortune in telephone calls." But the one college Roger himself yearned to attend fumbled the ball. Notre Dame gave him the polite brushoff, and when the Navy recruiters persisted with their "What you can do for your country" line, Roger signed up for Annapolis. "I decided I wanted to do something else in life besides play football," he says.

Getting an appointment was easy; getting in proved more difficult. Roger flunked the entrance exam. The Naval

Academy Foundation—a private organization, says the Navy—paid his way to New Mexico Military Institute for a year of cramming in English. He passed handily on the second try, and then it was off to make Navy Coach Hardin a happy man.

The first time Hardin saw Staubach run with a football was in 1961, when the plebes scrimmaged the varsity. Staubach pursued an erratic course through the entire varsity team. "I thought Staubach was lucky," says Hardin. "It turned out that I was lucky." With Staubach as quarterback, the plebes won seven games, lost only one. The Middies started calling him "Jolly Roger," "Mr. Wizard" and "Mr. Wonderful." And last year Roger became the first sophomore ever to win the Thompson Trophy, which goes to Navy's best all-round athlete. As Hardin says, "I even like to watch this kid practice."

Graduation & Then? Off the field, Roger is a C student, ranks 620th in a class of 905 ("He has to work for everything he gets," says one instructor). His course schedule for this term: differential equations, electrical science, thermodynamics, U.S. Government, piloting and navigation, and terminal ballistics. But in military aptitude, matters such as leadership, decorum, and the cut of his jib, the quarterback comes out, and he ranks twelfth in the class. Deeply religious, he has been known to hawl out nappers in the Navy chapel's "Sleepy Hollows," once remarked when congratulated about a football honor: "That won't get me to heaven any sooner, will it?"

He is "engaged to be engaged" to Marianne Hoobler, a pediatrics nurse in Cincinnati whom he has known since the first grade. Quiet and composed as he is, his friends know that there is still some good old-fashioned tomfoolery in Navy's model midshipman. Last June he tossed a water bomb into the room where Fullback Pat Donnelly and Guard Fred Marlin were studying for exams. Marlin grabbed a glass of water and headed for Staubach's room: there stood Jolly Roger in his raincoat.

Graduation for Staubach is still a year and a half away, and he has a four-year Navy hitch to serve—probably as a supply officer (he is color-blind and tends toward airsickness). But what then? The pros frown on roll-out investing ("We've got too much money invested in our quarterbacks to take any chances on their getting killed"), but the New York Giant's Jim Lee Howell says, "We can always teach a boy to go straight back; we just can't give him an arm or a brain." Staubach has both. Two weeks ago, after the Michigan game in Ann Arbor, Roger flicked on a television set, flopped on a motel bed, and watched a rerun of a game between the Chicago Bears and the Detroit Lions. Finally he got up and turned off the set. "Those Detroit Lions," said Staubach. "They sure need a good quarterback."



Mission: Mars

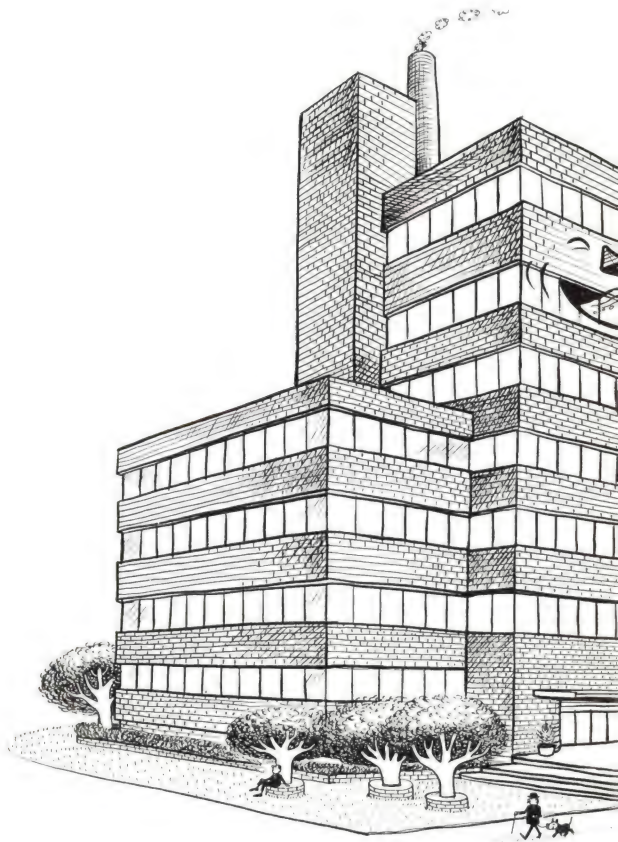
An unmanned balloon sent 80,000 feet above the earth recently brought the question of life on Mars a giant step nearer an answer. Hoisted above most of the earth's atmosphere, the balloon carried Stratoscope II, a three-ton, three-story-high telescope system which made high-resolution infra red studies of Mars. These studies will provide important clues to possible organic activity on our neighbor planet. Later, Stratoscope II will focus its high-flying eye on the structure and workings of our

universe. Perkin-Elmer Corporation designed and built the Stratoscope II system for Princeton University. Budd was chosen to do the structural work, because of its unique experience in precision metal fabrication. In many other ways, the nation's space program draws on Budd skills in electronics, plastics, metals testing and fabrication. To learn how these skills can work to your advantage, write Walter B. Dean, Product Development Dept., The Budd Company, Philadelphia 32, Pa.

In metals, electronics and plastics,
Budd works to make tomorrow . . . today.

THE D II
Budd COMPANY

OVER 50 YEARS OF SERVICE TO INDUSTRY



"Come on down - the water's fine!"

Thirsty factories (and most are!) like the South—for Mother Nature has blessed the Southeastern states with an abundance of good water for industrial use, both on the surface and underground. We know where to find it!

For years, mapping present and potential sources of underground water for industries of every kind has been an important part of Southern Railway's comprehensive industrial development program. We have pinpointed areas throughout the South where heavy supplies of underground water may be found, the anticipated yield and the quality.

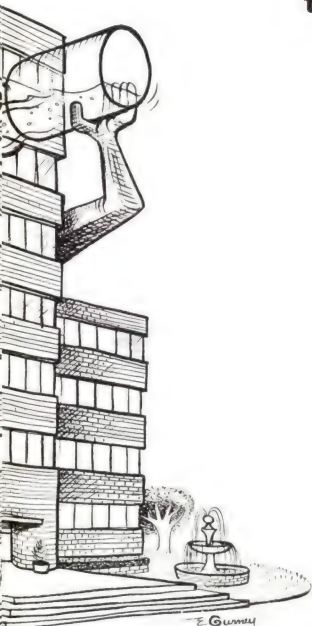
This means that our Industrial Development Department can do much more than just tell you where the water is. It can also relate your present (and future) requirements for water to your other basic plant-site needs: fuel, power, transportation, labor supply, markets, natural resources and all the rest. This experienced department is one of the best in the business. It is staffed by experts who know what you would like to know about the opportunities to grow and prosper in the modern South.

Let them put this knowledge and experience to work for you. No obligation, of course, and in complete confidence. Call on them!

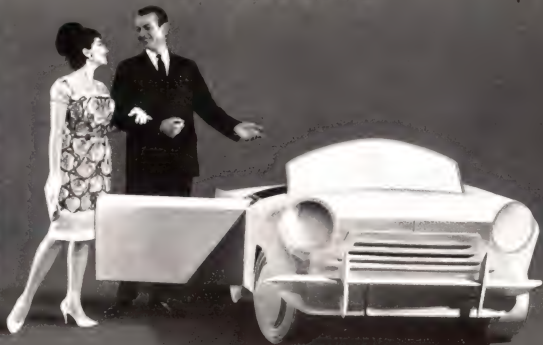
"Look Ahead—Look South!"

W. B. Brown
PRESIDENT

**SOUTHERN
RAILWAY SYSTEM**
WASHINGTON, D. C. SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH



if you
could make
it of paper,
**NEKOOSA PAPER
WOULD MAKE
IT BETTER**



We make papers that are made into many things. Admittedly, up to now, nobody has asked us to help build a paper automobile. But, if anyone ever does, we'll give it the old school try — and come closer than most.

Soft papers, hard papers, smooth papers, rough papers, thick papers, thin papers, white papers, colored papers, absorbent papers, repellent papers . . . NEKOOSA converter papers are made for you and for the job you want to do.

So, if you have, or are planning, a paper-made product, see us. If we don't already stock what you need, we'll make it for you. Made-for-the-purpose papers means NEKOOSA Paper . . . *whatever* the purpose.

NEKOOSA

PAPERS

NEKOOSA-EDWARDS PAPER COMPANY, Port Edwards, Wisconsin • Mills at Nekoosa and Port Edwards, Wis., and Potsdam, N.Y.
Papers for every business need • for many converting operations • for special industrial requirements

U.S. BUSINESS

BANKING

The Saxon Crusade

U.S. bankers are smiling at the customer these days, but they are giving each other a colder eye than ever. State-chartered banks are accusing the nationally chartered banks of attempting to move in on them. Both state and national banks are squabbling with the aggressive savings and loan associations, which have recently jacked their interest rates as high as 5% to tempt savers. Amid their competition for customers, all the banks are worried about growing Government regulation: the Justice Department is striving to block several bank mergers, and the House Banking Committee, after years of torpor, is striking out with half-a-dozen investigations into many phases of banking.

By far the sharpest battle in U.S. banking has been fired up by handsome James J. Saxon, 49, who as Comptroller of the Currency supervises the 4,500 nationally chartered banks. "The commercial banking system needs rescuing," says Saxon grandly—and he has set out on what he considers a rescue mission by permitting national banks to branch out more freely than state banks, which are regulated by state banking commissions. By liberalizing branching policies, he aims to break the hold that many small-town and suburban bankers have on their areas. Critical state bankers charge that Saxon's expansion plans would cause many of them to fail under the pressure of big-banking competition. They also fear that many state banks may have to seek national charters in self-defense, thus destroying the U.S.'s "dual system" of banking.

No friend at Chase Manhattan. Last week the annual meeting of the American Bankers Association in Washington heard the strongest anti-Saxon attack ever made by a big, prestigious banker. Said David Rockefeller, president of Manhattan's state-chartered Chase Manhattan Bank: "I believe the Comptroller would be well advised to show greater restraint in exercising the immense power he now possesses. It would be a dubious honor for him to go down

in history as the man who undermined the dual banking system."

Like many state bankers, Rockefeller has a particular reason to be upset. Saxon has permitted Manhattan's First National City Bank to open 26 branches in fast-growing suburbs, while Rockefeller's competing Chase has so far been limited by New York State to only eight branches. Beyond that, Saxon wants to permit national banks to offer longer and bigger mortgage loans and to extend their limits on other loans. This is all the more controversial because some federal officials are already taking on many bad credit risks.

No Help from Bobby. Saxon has been colliding with strong forces ever since 1961, when he came to Washington from a job as counsel to Chicago's First National Bank. He has quarreled with Bobby Kennedy about the Justice Department's attempts to block bank mergers, with the Federal Reserve Board about whether banks should be allowed to underwrite state and municipal revenue bonds, and with the Securities and Exchange Commission over whether bank stocks should be regulated by the SEC. Last spring, after Saxon asked regional banking supervisors to drum up support for him among the national bankers, he came within a digit of being sacked by President Kennedy.

Conservatives are irked as much by Saxon's vanity as by his aggressiveness. They frown on the fact that he has all his speeches bound between fancy colored covers, has launched a grandiose quarterly, *National Banking Review*, to propagate his views. But all this pales beside the rude shaking-up that James Saxon is giving U.S. banking.

MARKETING & SELLING

Pepsi v. Coke

Next to the electric outlet, hardly any American invention is as omnipresent as ice-cold cola. In bottle, can, cup or glass, cola is drunk from White House to roadhouse, and few Americans can travel far at work or play without finding an automatic cola dispenser handy. In the huge industry that has grown up to satisfy this thirst, 77-year-old Coca-Cola is still by far the leader, with 1962 sales of \$568 million and profits of \$47 million. Coke's closest competitor is Pepsi-Cola, which has closed part of the gap in the last decade by aggressive marketing but still trails Coke with 1962 sales of \$192 million and profits of \$15 million. Third in the field, but far behind both Coke and Pepsi, is Royal Crown, with 1962 sales of \$28 million.

With Coca products now enjoying an unprecedented international boom, the industry's two giants are busily scraping for a bigger share of the growing market. This week Coca-Cola begins a \$53 million advertising campaign



KENNEDY



TRUMAN



EISENHOWER
Huge thirst.

in which its classic "Pause That Refreshes" will give way to what Coke calls a "one-sight, one-sound, one-sell" approach based on the slogan that "Things Go Better with Coke." Fortnight ago at Pepsi—whose slogan is "For Those Who Think Young"—New President Donald McIntosh Kendall, after only a month on the job, wielded a broom that swept out six vice presidents and will brush in a revamped, decentralized distribution system aimed at making Pepsi a more powerful challenger to Coke.

The Men & the Problems. Pepsi's Kendall, a husky, hard-working onetime fountain-syrup salesman who tripled sales and quintupled profits in six years as Pepsi's international president, has much in common with Coca-Cola's President J. Paul Austin, who took over his company last year. Both have Southern ties: Kendall was a football tackle for Western Kentucky State College; Austin spent his early youth in LaGrange, Ga., before moving up to Harvard Law School. Both are unusually young to head major corporations: Kendall is 42, Austin 48. Both advanced up the corporate ladder through the export division, an operation that now significantly accounts for 41% of Pepsi's sales and 42% of Coke's.

When it gets down to the job each man faces, the similarities end. Besides trying to beef up Pepsi's distribution and marketing system (\$20 U.S. outlets v. 1,100 for Coke), Kendall needs to broaden his one-product company, is searching around for likely food-line mergers. Austin, on the other hand, can look out from his executive suite in Atlanta on a far-flung organization that has already taken that step; in addition to Coke, he has a promising line of frozen and canned juices, coffee and tea



ROCKEFELLER



SAXON

Colliding forces.

that accounts for 20% of Coke's sales.

Diversification is a relatively new concept for Coke. In the 30 years that rough and ready Robert Woodruff, 73, ran the company, Coca-Cola preened itself as a giant with a single product, a onetime cough elixir dispensed globally in wasp-waisted 61-oz. bottles. Complacency caught up with the giant a decade ago: other companies made inroads with bigger bottles, and Pepsi even pulled ahead in some areas. Woodruff, whose position as chairman of the finance committee is buttressed by the fact that he owns Coke stock worth \$30 million, was finally persuaded that the corporate horizon should be extended. Coke added larger bottles and cans, rapidly took on such sidelines as lemon-lime Sprite, twelve Fanta soft-drink flavors, Minute Maid juices and, this year, low-calorie Tab.

Uphill Run. Besides looking for more companies to marry into Coke now that diversification is the policy, Austin is concentrating on increasing Coke's worldwide lead, searching for more outlets to add to Coke's 1,850 distributors in 122 nations. "We stay scared and we run hard," he says. Racing against that competition, Pepsi clearly is still running uphill, but it has developed a certain wind and toughness for the task. That toughness is apparent in Don Kendall, who opened a new plant every 111 working days during two years of his tenure as international president, and has no intention of slowing down. Not for him the pause that refreshes.

ADVERTISING

To the Top at Last

Marion Harper's fierce ambition and celebrated metabolism have made him a living legend on Madison Avenue. He begins each day bent over a stationary bicycle in his \$150,000 Westchester County home, pedaling up to four miles while he also races through a book propped on the handle bars. As chairman of Manhattan's Interpublic Inc., a corporate maze of advertising and related agencies, he has often worked 24 hours straight, taken a shower and a nap, then popped into a client meeting exuding a Florida glow; he has personally won such accounts as Buick, Coca-Cola, Swift, Westinghouse. Ever since, at 32, he became the chief of McCann-Erickson, the base on which he built Interpublic, he has driven to create the world's biggest advertising complex. Last week, at 47, he achieved his goal.

With a few pen strokes in his chastely modern board room, Harper acquired the \$80 million in billings of Erwin Wasey, Ruthrauff & Ryan, itself a product of an earlier merger. The acquisition, Harper's fifth since 1961, lifts Interpublic's billings to just about \$500 million, well ahead of venerable J. Walter Thompson (1962 billings: \$420 million), up to now the world's biggest advertising company. Harper himself had sought out Erwin Wasey's owners, Howard D. Williams, 74, and his son,

David B. Williams, 44, and persuaded them to sell out for some \$5,000,000 in what he calls "the largest agency deal ever made wholly for cash."

Comes the Revolution. Harper's rivals were at once skeptical, fearful and envious. Says the chairman of one top agency: "While I find Marion unattractively impersonal and ruthless, he does seem to be a marvelous organizer, and his mental capacity is immense." Most of all, skeptics and supporters wondered how Harper would cope with the problem of "client conflict." For the sake of secrecy, advertising agencies seldom represent two products that clash head-on. But, among many other conflicts, Erwin Wasey has Tuborg



HARPER & MURAL
Goal achieved.

beer. Old Forester bourbon. Rolls-Royce and Gulf Oil, while Interpublic has Genesee beer, Old Charter bourbon, Buick and Standard Oil (N.J.).

To critics, Harper persuasively argues that "you can't judge this by the old stereotypes. There is a revolution going on in advertising." He means that he is leading the revolution. In a frenetic drive for diversification under highly centralized management, Harper since 1961 has made Interpublic a management company presiding over a cluster of separate but equal subsidiaries that offer something for every client's desire. Under it are a big agency (McCann-Erickson), two cozy small agencies (McCann-Marschalk and Johnstone, Inc.), three foreign-based agencies in Britain, Switzerland and South Africa, and separate companies to stew over market research, sales promotion, public relations and far-out future planning. Erwin Wasey, says Harper, will keep its separateness and its secrets, will maintain the two Williamses at the helm. But it will give Interpublic new

» No up-and-down chart, but a blow-up of office calligraphy.

offices in five foreign countries and three U.S. cities. "What we have added," says Harper, "is volume in money, volume in people, volume in facilities."

Appetite for Politics. Next, Harper will probably sell a big bloc of Interpublic's shares to the public, making Interpublic what he hopes will be advertising's first blue chip. He also aims to boost his firm's billings to \$1 billion. Boasting that "our foreign billings double every five years and our domestic billings double every eight years," he figures to hit the billion mark around 1971. By then, or perhaps even before, Harper hopes to leave advertising. He plans to teach or, more likely, to enter politics—the only field in which he has ever admitted to being a middleroad.

CORPORATIONS

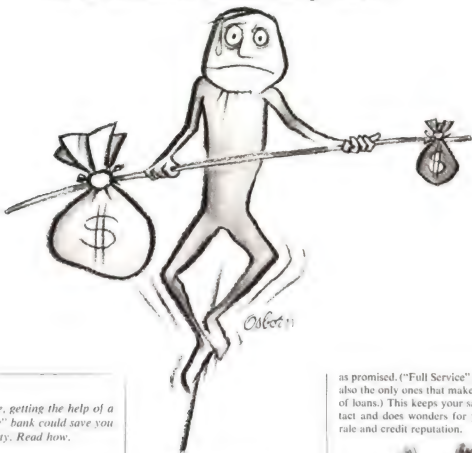
With the Grain

Within minutes after President Kennedy announced the U.S. wheat sale to Russia and its satellites, telex machines started clattering in a 63-room French provincial mansion in the woodland outside Minneapolis. From this unlikely headquarters, messages went out to the far-flung arms of the biggest U.S. grain dealer: Cargill, Inc. Though it is a secretive, inbred and inconspicuous company, Cargill (pronounced with a hard g, as in fish-gill) is a \$1.5 billion-a-year giant with more than enough wheat capacity to handle the entire sale of 150 million bushels to Russia. Despite its size and predominance, it will have to be content with somewhat less than that—the Administration has declared that no company can have more than a 25% bite of the deal.

Strategic Outposts. Cargill will have a major part of it, is already active in the East-West grain trade. Its Canadian subsidiary has signed up for 20% of Canada's \$500 million wheat sale to Russia, and the U.S. parent is awaiting an export license to send \$6,500,000 worth to Hungary. In the U.S. transaction with Russia, Cargill will dicker privately and separately with the Soviets, as will such other big dealers as Continental Grain Co., Bunge Corp. and Louis Dreyfus Corp. Cargill will then draw part of the wheat from its grain elevators (total capacity: 160 million bushels), also buy some fresh supplies from farmers and, in all probability, buy some more from the U.S. Government's wheat hoard of more than a billion bushels. Total costs to the company for purchasing the price-supported wheat, shipping it to port and loading it aboard ships will average about \$2.30 a bushel. But Cargill will sell it to the Soviets at the world market price of about \$1.75 a bushel. To make up the difference, it will receive a Government export subsidy of 55¢ or more a bushel (payable not in cash but in grain) and stand to make about 1% profit per sales dollar.

Cargill has been prospering from thin margins on great volume ever since it

**"Most people borrow more money
in a lifetime than they save!"**



If this is true, getting the help of a "Full Service" bank could save you plenty. Read how.

Our financial experts have learned that most families will borrow \$50,000 or more during their lifetime. This includes borrowing to buy homes, cars, TV sets and appliances, a college education for the kids, maybe even a farm or a small business. It's a rare (and rich) family that will ever get that much in its savings account!

It's obvious, then, that *where* you borrow your money and *how much* you pay for it is most important. Your financial future depends more on how little you pay for your loans than how much you earn on your savings.



Do you know the very best place to borrow money? Do they know you?

**The best place to borrow
is a "Full Service" bank**

Even outside financial experts will tell you that the best place to borrow is a "Full Service" bank. Why? Because the rates are generally lower. (On a \$2000 loan to buy a car, for example, a bank loan could save you as much as \$100 in interest charges.)

How do you get on friendly terms with a bank so they'll be able to offer these low-cost loans? Easy question don't let the long answer fool you.

**Get to know your banker
before you need him**

Pick a "Full Service" bank that's convenient and go in often enough so that at least one of the bankers knows who you are. Give the bank all your checking and savings account business.

Then, take out a few small loans from time to time and pay them back

as promised. ("Full Service" banks are also the only ones that make *all* kinds of loans.) This keeps your savings intact and does wonders for your morale and credit reputation.



Next thing you know, you'll discover that you've painlessly built a priceless working relationship with a bank. What's more, your growing savings account and paid-in-full loans give you that necessary leverage to make larger loans should the need arise. If you have any doubts that this plan will work, try it. You have everything to gain.



**Your Full Service
Commercial Bank**

A "Full Service" bank is the only one that offers checking accounts, savings accounts, and low-cost loans for almost every purpose you can name. Look for this 7-star "Full Service" emblem or ask if you're not sure.

The Best—By Test!

"Four out of five doctors recommend..."

Or:

"According to an absolutely impartial, unbiased, and objective survey, we find..."

Or:

"Ten thousand satisfied customers tell us that..."

Ah, testimonials. Ah, surveys.

Not that we don't believe in them. Not that we aren't tempted ourselves to advertise some of the complimentary letters we receive.

The reason we don't is simple. Our service is only as good as *you* think it is.

Naturally, we like to think it's the finest you can find, but we'll take your opinion—gladly.

To help you in forming one, you might ask our Research Department for a current review of your present investment program.

Simply list the securities you own and the prices you paid, tell us something about your over-all situation and objectives, and mail your letter to the address below.

We'll see that you get the very best answer we can give you, without charge, or any obligation to use our brokerage services, either.

JOSEPH C. QUINN



**MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH INC.**

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PEAK-PERIOD OFFICE PROBLEMS? INSIST ON THE GIRL WITH THE GUARANTEE!
When a Kelly Girl reports to you, she hands you our written 100% guarantee. Its meaning is clear. If you're not satisfied with her work, you don't pay us. That's why so many firms rely on us for their temporary help. Want proof? Call for KELLY Girl service.

KELLY GIRL
SERVICE, INC. Headquarters: Detroit 3, Mich.
100% GUARANTEED TEMPORARY OFFICE HELP

was started a century ago by Will Cargill, son of a ship's master from Scotland's Orkney Islands. He set up a small grain storage shed near a rail terminal in Iowa, expanded with the railroads and the river barges; today, Cargill's 110 outposts are placed at almost every strategic transportation point in the mid-continent. The family business has been passed down through Cargill's descendants, who built huge grain elevators and expanded into everything from fish-meal processing in Peru to soybean processing in Spain.

Turning to Gold. Five Cargill heirs hold top jobs in the company today, but the current president is the first up-from-the-ranks outsider, Erwin E. Kelm, 51. With a sharp eye for the grain that can turn to gold, Kelm enthusiastically favors selling wheat to the Reds. "Trade tends to beget trade," he says, "and this might well help the relationship between the countries."

SEN WATSON



G.E.'S BORCH
When tense, laugh.

MANAGEMENT

Electric's New General

When Fred J. Borch was named executive vice president of General Electric 15 months ago, the implication was as blaring as the horn on a G.E. diesel locomotive (TIME, Aug. 10, 1962). The post has existed only off and on in G.E.'s history, and is usually reactivated to accommodate an heir apparent. By picking Vice President Borch for it, the board cleared the way for the retirement of Ralph Cordiner, chairman and longtime chief executive. Cordiner has wanted to retire to his 1,800-acre West Florida cattle and citrus ranch, but postponed his departure long enough to untangle the lengthy list of suits arising from 1960's price-fixing decree against G.E. and 28 competitors. Last week Cordiner, 63, announced that he will step down in December. President Gerald Philippe, 54, will move up to chairman, and Borch, at 53, will become the president and chief executive.

HONEYWELL SIMPLIFIES BUILDING CONTROL



HONEYWELL BUILDING CONTROL CENTER

LETS ONE MAN DO A 3 HOUR JOB IN 5 MINUTES

When one of your operating men can save time like this, you're saving money. A documented time study of a typical office building showed it would have taken 3 hours just to start and check the air conditioning every day. Now, one man does it in 5 minutes at a Honeywell Selectographic Control Center.

Project these man-hour savings to several building systems, and you can see why most owners expect a 3 to 5 year payoff on Honeywell Automated Controls.

In any size building, there are hundreds of routine tasks. There's a maze of equipment that requires reg-

ular starts, stops or inspections . . . pumps, compressors, thermostats, fire and security systems. A Honeywell Control Center lets just one man control them all from a compact console. Simplicity? You bet, and economical, too.

Honeywell will recommend the control system for your building, manufacture and install it, supervise "start up," and contract to maintain it. All the way, we simplify. You deal with one supply source . . . one responsibility for all building systems.

Honeywell building automation is centralized control of all mechanical and electrical equipment. It can include automatic annunciators, scan-

ners, alarm printers . . . even computers to control systems such as temperature, fire, security, clocks and humidity.

What's your next step? If you would like to have a Honeywell Sales Engineer assist you in applying building automation or a free set of our helpful planning guides, write: Mr. William N. Wray, Honeywell Commercial Division, Dept. TI10-122, Minneapolis 8, Minnesota. There is no obligation.

Honeywell

Arvin

a new
experience in
radio listening



Arvin 9 tube FM/AM/FM
stereo multiplex radio
in elegant walnut wood



ARVIN STEREO LEADER

Precision engineering set to music! Built-in multiplex circuits automatically receive drift-free FM stereo broadcasts. Arvin "envelopes" multiplex detector assures undistorted signal from distant stereo stations, 9 tubes plus rectifier and 7 diodes.

ARVIN PRECISION CONTROL

Separate controls for volume, stereo balance and bass. Signal light indicates FM stereo reception.

ARVIN RICH SOUND!

Balanced Velvee Veevo speakers in swing and enunciation may also be set apart for wide stereo channel separation.

ARVIN BEAUTY!

Walnut-finish hardwood cabinet is accented by smart chrome control panel with lighted slide rule dial.

ARVIN Model 33R78

Walnut Finish, \$129.95



ARVIN INDUSTRIES, INC.
Consumer Products Division, Columbus, Indiana
America's largest specialist in the
manufacture of quality radios.

utive of the nation's fourth largest manufacturer.

No Room for Stumbles. Brooklyn-born Fred Borch takes over a giant (200,000 products, 211 plants) in remarkably good shape. The major credit goes to Ralph Cordner, who succeeded Charles E. ("Electric Charlie") Wilson as chief executive in 1950 and promptly ordered the most drastic reorganization in G.E.'s 71-year history. Cordner did not radically change the product mix, which is spread almost equally among heavy electrical equipment, electronics, consumer goods and defense orders (G.E. is the fifth biggest defense contractor). But he decentralized operations and management, making each of 112 department managers a minor president with responsibility for his own budget, pricing and policies. The managers answered to a lean headquarters staff in Manhattan, which was left free for more long-range planning. Cordner ruthlessly removed managers who stumbled ("It was not the best of times around G.E. at first," recalls one G.E. executive), and decentralization was to blame for much of the company's price-fixing mess. But it also streamlined G.E., spurred on department managers and sent business soaring. From sales of \$2.3 billion and profits of \$138 million in 1951, G.E. shot up to 1962 sales of \$4.8 billion and earnings of \$265.8 million. The figures for 1963's first nine months have set a record.

Scientific Sales. Despite this fine position, Fred Borch will still have some problems. Two large and significant departments—atomic power and the new line of lower-priced digital computers—are both still in the red. And with world competition rising fast, the world's largest electrical equipment maker has some overcapacity. Taking up that slack will be the job of the marketing experts, who under the Cordner revision won commanding power at G.E. The company's \$300 million annual expenditure on research is the largest of any U.S. corporation, but it is G.E.'s marketing men rather than its researchers who have the final say on how products will be designed, produced and sold.

This arrangement is not apt to change under Borch, who blossomed as a salesman after he graduated in 1931 from Cleveland's Western Reserve University and joined G.E.'s nearby Nela Park lamp division. Put in charge four years ago of a consumer-goods line that ranged from alarm clocks to industrial air conditioners, Borch introduced "scientific salesmanship," using computers and detailed consumer research to do the job. The new president is also good at selling himself: he is an informal man who is well liked by his colleagues and respected for his ability to make quick and crisp decisions under pressure. Instead of getting angry or curt when a situation becomes tense, say his colleagues, he is more apt to burst out laughing.

PERSONALITIES

BUSINESSMEN do not usually knock their own products, but bankers nowadays seem to feel that money is on the way out. Rudolph A. Peterson, 58, elected this week to the presidency of the Bank of America, believes that "in another ten years money will be more or less obsolete." As the new head of the world's largest bank, Swedish-born, California-raised Rudy Peterson hopes to hasten that day by moving the Bank of America further toward an automated time when it will handle everything from company payrolls to customers' milk bills. A credit expert and onetime prodigy of Founder A. P. Giannini, he feels that this trend makes it all the more important to keep up human contacts with his customers. "We cannot," he says, "become a factory." In his cherry-walled and beige-carpeted office in San Francisco, he receives a steady stream of visitors, also seeks to keep abreast of changing banking needs by traveling much of his time. Aside from an occasional salmon-fishing expedition, most of Peterson's life is devoted to his banking work.

PETERSON

JERRY V. COVINO



BELLANDE



THEY call him Eddie around the shop, and he likes to attend the employees' dances, dinners and athletic events. This is the sort of close-knit spirit encouraged by Edward Antoine Bellande, 65, the balding and genial chairman of the Garrett Corp., a California maker of environmental control systems for jet planes and space capsules. Anxious to keep Garrett both thriving and informal, Bellande has led the fight against a takeover by ailing Curtiss-Wright, which has sought to buy 47% of Garrett's stock. A onetime barnstormer, mail pilot and test pilot who was Charles Lindbergh's copilot on one of the first transcontinental passenger runs in 1929, Bellande now restricts his piloting to the company Convair. Behind his desk, on which sits a dime-store statuette of a hula dancer, Garrett's \$99,000-a-year boss is a smooth delegator of authority, a stickler for punctuality. At home in Bel Air, he collects shotguns and rifles, which he uses on Jeep trips across the California countryside in search of game birds.



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TRADE MARK

**"What are you
putting in my coffee,
you little devil?"**



Deep, dark, delicious Ronrico, that's what. A nip does fragrant, tantalizing things to coffee. The English, of course, always knew this. Nelson sailed on rum and coffee. Instant, Silex, Percolator, Drip, all better to the last drop.

The bottle shown above is Ronrico Gold Label, a delectable, full bodied rum. (Some prefer Ronrico White Label, a lighter, fanatically dry rum, with their coffee. Or tea.) The stick in the coffee is cinnamon; delicious but you don't need it.

Note the crest on the label. It was granted to the Marqués de Arecibo in 1889 by the King of Spain. Today his grandson heads Ronrico. "El ron de los nobles" (The rum of noblemen).

RONRICO FROM PUERTO RICO

PUERTO RICAN RUM. 60 PROOF. WHITE OR GOLD LABEL. GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS COMPANY, N.Y. 22

WORLD BUSINESS

ITALY

Butterflies in the Boom

Italy's sensational consumer economy has soared to new heights—but Italian bankers and economists worry that it has risen on the wings of butterflies. "Butterflies" is the Italian nickname for *cambiali*, the instant-credit promissory notes that flit from one holder to another through Italy's credit-happy economy. No one knows for sure the exact value of the *cambiali* now in circulation in Italy, but knowledgeable bankers estimate that their worth may equal the total value of Italy's currency. *Cambiali* have become so much a part of Italian life that Cinema Director Vittorio De Sica has just produced a movie—fittingly called *Il Boom*—in which a young husband sells his right eye to get money to honor the *cambiali* he has signed to please his greedy wife.

Final Roost. The *cambiali* look like ordinary U.S. bank checks—but the resemblance ends there. In Italy's consumer boom, the buyer of a refrigerator or bedroom set signs a promissory note for each monthly installment. He thus may sign as many as 48 *cambiali* for one TV set or refrigerator. The merchant who sells him the goods uses the *cambiali* to pay his own bills, just as if they were currency, and his supplier or landlord in turn uses them to pay off his debts. The notes may pass through 20 or more hands before they finally roost in a bank for collection. If the bank—which makes its profit on *cambiali* by discounting them by 2% to 12%—has trouble collecting from the original signer, it applies a dreaded remedy. Unless the delinquent pays up, the bank publishes his name in the *Bollettino dei Protesti*, a kind of debtors' *Who's Who*, and also begins court proceedings to recover the loss.

What bothers the Italian financial community is that so many of the *cambiali* end up in the collector's hands.

By signing the *cambiali* with abandon to finance everything from furs to apartments, thousands upon thousands of Italians have run up staggering debts. Nearly every day the Italian press discovers another case of someone obligated to pay out more monthly on *cambiali* than he actually earns. Almost everyone does his part, but the heaviest plungers are the poverty-stricken Sicilians and the migrants to the rich north, who are dazzled by luxury goods and modern household appliances. Last year 8,160,546 *cambiali* were dishonored, 10% more than in 1961.

Shot Down. Italy's financial men consider *cambiali* a strong inflationary force, believe that they have helped to bring Italy to the verge of serious economic crisis. *Cambiali* have already pushed up Italian wages and living costs and have sparked a consumer buying spree that has led many Italian businessmen to forget about exports in order to sell more at home. The result is that Italy's trade deficit has nearly doubled, from \$748 million for the first seven months last year to \$1.3 billion for the same period this year.

Interim Premier Giovanni Leone's recent attempt to curb credit was shot down by the right, left and center, since no party is willing to incur the wrath of legions of *cambiali* signers. But unless Italy soon brings its credit binge under control, its economic miracle could, like a butterfly, just flutter away.

WEST GERMANY

A Perilous Swaying

The hum of West Germany's economy has given off some static recently with the ominous crash of several industrial giants, including Automaker Carl Borgward and Shipbuilder Willy Schlieker. Last week another big one



INDUSTRIALIST STINNES
Too strong a memory.

swayed perilously close to collapse.

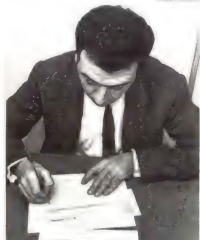
Pressed by more than \$18.5 million in debts, Industrialist Hugo Stinnes Jr., 66, a free-wheeling and individualistic magnate who in only ten years has built a diversified \$100 million empire in machinery, ships, electronics, plastics, oil, and filling stations, has been forced to sell off some of his choicest holdings to Munich Banker Rudolf Münemmann. At week's end Stinnes was brought into a crowded Bremen courtroom to answer a \$4.5 million suit brought by a German mines association, which is trying to recover special compensations that the association claims were wrongly paid four years ago to one of his holding companies. Loss of the full amount could threaten Stinnes' cash-shy empire with bankruptcy.

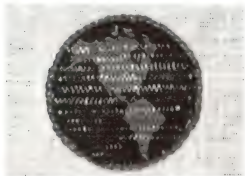
Hugo Stinnes—usually referred to as *der Junior* in German headlines—is the son of the famous Ruhr industrial baron who died in 1924, leaving his empire to be run by his wife and two sons. Hugo worked with his mother and brother Otto to rebuild the Stinnes holdings after World War II, but did not get along with his kintfolk. He set out to build an industrial complex of his own, calling one of his two holding firms "Hugo Stinnes Personality Inc." to show his independence to the world. But Hugo depended too much on the memory of his father, and drove himself relentlessly to match old Hugo's accomplishment. Like Borgward and Schlieker, he expanded too fast just for the sake of expansion, building on too narrow a capital base and not watching his profits closely enough.

Other German crashes have messily pulled down a lot of creditors, but the Stinnes contraction has so far proved surprisingly neat—thanks to Banker Münemmann. As Münemmann sees it, such firms as Stinnes often get into trouble all because they let themselves be



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Who pulled off the big steal in Paris?²



What can you do if your husband snores all night?³

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(1) You can be creative with crewel embroidery and do a chair, bedspread, or draperies in your own design. Betty Furness reported on this latest rage in needlework—one of the many things that enrich a "Woman's World."

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(3) Sleep apart or learn to like the sound of sawing wood. That's the kind of sensible yet pungent way "Dear Abby" answers her many requests for advice.

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INDIAN FARMER & LIFE INSURANCE AGENT

Financing marriages, forgoing management.

fooled for months by the greatest enemy which exists to a businessman: hope." On Münemann's advice, Stinnes last summer sold his gas-station chain to meet his immediate need for cash. When that was not enough, Münemann himself last month began buying what Germans call *die Perlen*—the pearls—among Stinnes' manufacturing companies, notably the machinery and plastics producers. Brash and brainy Banker Münemann is playing an unaccustomed role as rescuer, and not entirely as a Samaritan: he is making some good buys for himself at distress prices. Nonetheless, his intervention may at least leave Stinnes enough to retire to—and enough to please the creditors—if Stinnes' lawsuit can be favorably settled.

INDIA

Shielding the Flame

Selling life insurance in India is something like selling sand in the Sahara. Though most Indians may not believe that life insurance causes death, many of them do feel that it defies and tempts the gods. For many Indians, furthermore, land seems the only smart investment, and attempts to sell them insurance are repulsed as schemes to snatch their money. There is, of course, little enough of that: the per capita income in India is only \$69 a year, and people are so busy trying to keep alive that they have little time to worry about death.

Despite these massive disadvantages, India's state-owned Life Insurance Corp. is doing a remarkable job of selling its product. More than \$1.6 billion in new policies were written during the 1962-63 fiscal year, more than triple the rate just seven years ago, when the Indian government nationalized all of India's life insurance business and formed the

Life Insurance Corp. Under dapper, cigar-puffing Chairman B. K. Kaul, a veteran Indian civil servant, insurance policies in force have hit \$6 billion and assets \$1.5 billion.

With 82% of India's people still living outside the cities and towns, this growth has required an ingenious array of promotional devices to reach the villagers. Agents are trained to sell "life insurance for living" with policies that pay for retirement or for the marriage of a daughter as well as death benefits. The company explains the value of insurance with short feature films, primarily for rural audiences, that have simple plots, amateur talent, and sound tracks in the 13 main Indian languages. Itinerant bards, telling stories and singing insurance commercials, wander from village to village. Everywhere possible, in signs, posters, newspaper ads and leaflets, appears the company's symbol: a pair of hands shielding the flame of a peasant oil lamp and a sacred quotation in Sanskrit that means "Your welfare is my responsibility."

In the process of so convincing Indians, the Life Insurance Corp. has become India's major financial giant. By law, half of its funds may be invested in cooperative housing and private industry, and it is a rare firm of any size in India's capital-starved economy that does not have the Life Insurance Corp. as a major shareholder. The company also has a reputation as a powerful stabilizer of the Indian stock market. A year ago, when the Red Chinese attack threw Indian exchanges into panic, it restored morale by sopping up \$2,100,000 worth of just one stock, market-leadering Tata Iron & Steel Co. So far, however, L.I.C. has kept its hands off the management policies of firms it buys into. It expresses its disapproval only by reducing its investment.

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MILESTONES

Born. To Jordan's King Hussein, 28, and Muna al Hussein, 23, formerly Toni Gardiner, of Suffolk, England: a second child, second son: in Amman, Name: Prince Faisal, after Hussein's cousin, King Faisal of Iraq, murdered in 1958 by revolutionaries.

Born. To Richard (Pancho) Gonzales, 35, recently retired pro-tennis great, coach of the U.S. Davis Cup team, and Madelyn Darrow Gonzales, 28, Miss Rheingold of 1958: a third child, third daughter: in Santa Monica, Calif.

Born. To Jean Kerr, 40, millionairess playwright (*Mary, Mary*), and Walter Kerr, 50, New York Herald Tribune drama critic: their sixth child, first daughter: in Manhattan.

Married. June Allyson, 40, cinemactress (*The Glenn Miller Story*), widow of Actor Dick Powell; and Glenn Maxwell, 31, men's hair stylist to Hollywood's elite: in Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Divorce Revealed. Theodore Chaikin Sorensen, 35, White House speechwriter and Presidential confidant; by Camilla Palmer Sorensen, 35: on grounds of "uninterrupted separation"; after 14 years of marriage, three children; in Fairfax County, Va. on Aug. 9. The Sorensens, both Unitarians, have lived apart since before Kennedy's inauguration, but the divorce was not discovered until last week, after Mrs. Sorensen, who had stayed in Washington, moved to Madison, Wis.

Died. Edith Piaf, 47, France's *première chanteuse* and petite (4 ft. 10 in., 90 lbs.) "sparrow of the streets"; of a hemorrhage of the spleen: in Paris (see THE WORLD).

Died. Gustaf Gründgens, 63, Germany's most celebrated actor, producer and director, an elegant, arrogant Düsseldorf actor who rose to fame in the 1920s as Hamlet and the mocking Mephistopheles of *Faust*, lost most of his friends when he became Hitler's chief of state theaters, yet proved so irreplaceable that after the war he was chosen to direct the state theaters of Düsseldorf (1947-54) and Hamburg (1955-63), making them the top German stages with a repertory of classics (Schiller, Ibsen) and moderns (Brecht, Eliot): of an accidental overdose of barbiturates; on a visit to Manila.

Died. Samuel Bayard Colgate, 65, president (1933-38) and chairman (1938-52) of Colgate-Palmolive Co., great-grandson of the toothpaste company's founder, who took over the top job when sales were sliding after a merger with soapmaker Palmolive-Peet in 1928, cut costs, and scrubbed up the business until, with profits on the rise,

he was able to devote time to philanthropy, notably Colgate University, which changed its name in 1890 because of Colgate family endowments; of a heart attack: at his estate on Contentment Island, in Darien, Conn.

Died. Renato Bartoccini, 70, Italian archaeologist, curator of Rome's Villa Giulia, world's greatest Etruscan museum, who won renown with the 1924 discovery of Leptis Magna, Roman city in Libya, later unearthed the Etruscan cities Feronia and Vulci in central Italy; of a heart attack: in Rome.

Died. Alfred Joseph Fisher, 70, sixth-oldest of Detroit's seven automaking brothers, second to die this year, who joined the Fisher Body Co. in 1914, shortly after two elder brothers had founded it to produce the first all-weather auto body, became a top General Motors executive when the company was absorbed by G.M. in 1926; of pneumonia: in Detroit.

Died. Dr. George Guttman Ornstein, 71, chest specialist who, as medical director of Staten Island's Sea View Hospital from 1931 to 1955, tried dozens of drugs for tuberculosis, finally in 1952 directed the testing of two newly-developed isoniazids on 92 seemingly hopeless patients, saved every one, a breakthrough that put the doctor out of a job when Sea View and other TB hospitals closed for lack of patients; of pneumonia: in Manhattan.

Died. Jean Cocteau, 74, France's Jack-of-all-arts: of a heart attack, on hearing of Edith Piaf's death: in Millville-Forêt, France (see THE WORLD).

Died. Anna Evangeline La Chappelle Clark, 85, widow of Montana Copper King William Andrews Clark, a Michigan doctor's daughter who became Clark's ward at the height of his fame, married him in 1901 after his first wife died (he was 62), moved into his \$6,000,000 Fifth Avenue mansion (121 rooms, 31 baths), after his death in 1925 (leaving a \$50 million estate) sold the house to spend much of her time in California, where she founded the Paganini Quartet and equipped it with Paganini's own Stradivarius at a cost of \$200,000: in Manhattan.

Died. Oscar Schwidetsky, 88, director of research for New Jersey's Becton, Dickinson & Co., manufacturers of medical supplies, who in 60 inventive years developed the elasticized Ace bandage, used the world over for sprains and varicose veins, the disposable morphine syringe carried in first aid kits, hypodermic needles that enable doctors to transfuse RH-factor babies through the umbilical vein; following a stroke: in Hackensack, N.J.

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the stricken area back on its feet quickly.

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CINEMA

John Bull in His Barnyard

Tom Jones. "I have endeavoured in the following History," wrote Henry Fielding in *The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling*, "to laugh Mankind out of their favourite Follies and Vices." Two centuries have passed; Mankind still has its favourite Vices; and Novelist Fielding's sprawling, brawling masterpiece still stands as the greatest comic novel in the language. Now Britain's Tony Richardson (*The Entertainer*, *A Taste of Honey*) has made the novel into an absolutely magnificent movie. The film is a way-out, walleyed, wonderful exercise in cinema. It is also a social satire written in blood with a broadaxe. It is hawdy as the British were hawdy when



FINNEY & REDMAN IN "TOM JONES"
Written in blood with a broadaxe.

a wench had to wear five petticoats to barricade her virtue. It is as beautiful in Eastman Color as England is in spring. And it is one of the funniest farces anybody anywhere has splattered on a screen since Hollywood lost the recipe for custard pie.

"Upon my word," said Coleridge, "I think *Tom Jones* one of the three most perfect plots ever planned." It is also one of the most intricate: a film of the full book might take six hours to show. Director Richardson and Scenarist John Osborne decided to tell the whole story—well, almost—but tell it so fast that six hours of hilarity are squeezed into two. And let the gasping customers fall where they may.

In a mad little prologue, shown as a silent film with title frames inserted and a hurdy-gurdy hammering in the background, tiny Tom is found luxuriously "abandoned" in Squire Allworthy's bed and is instantly adopted by the dear old fellow (George Devine). In the next scene Tom (Albert Finney) is already pushing 20—not to mention the voluptuous daughter (Diane Cilento) of his uncle's gamekeeper. Five minutes after that the audience knows all about the

Who

drinks 107,000 bottles of our sherry a year?

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For 157 days each year, the barrels are exposed to soft drizzles, pounding rains, and lashing blizzards. Before the last killing frost of spring, they will have shouldered 83 inches of snow and 7 days of fierce below-zero temperatures.

And before the first nip of autumn, the barrels will have withstood the savage crash of 33 thunderstorms, the icy pelting of 2 hailstorms, and 7 days of blazing 90 degree heat.

But there are halcyon days.

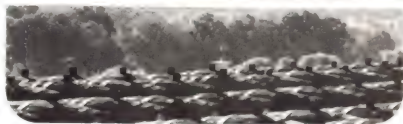
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beauteous Sophie Western (Susannah York). Tom's light-o'-love; about Squire Western, her apoplectic pa; and about that slimy fellow Bliffl, who considers Tom a rival for Allworthy's estate and who hates him as only a boy with pimples can hate a boy all the girls adore.

Within an hour the vicious villain has slandered the hero's good name, persuaded the gullible Allworthy to disown him, extracted from Squire Western a promise that Sophie will become his bride instead of Tom's. Appalled, Sophie flees to London, whither Tom is also bound. Western and Bliffl set out in hot pursuit, and the next hour is crammed with all manner of violent and absurd adventures: desperate duels, rascally robberies, satanic stranglings, egregious escapes, and any number of precipitate plunges into a fate nobody seems to consider worse than death. At the climax poor dear Sophie is about to be raped and poor brave Tom has his neck in a noose and—

Courage, Dear Reader! Lo and Behold are Fielding's favorite characters, and Richardson makes frequent and gloriously funny use of them. His actors catch the spirit of the thing from the first scene, and they have a picnic. The characters are rumbustious caricatures. Joyce Redman is a soggy old piece of cake. Finney is Tom clean through—a fine strapping country boy whose heart is in the right place even when his foremost interest isn't. But Hugh Griffith is the man to watch. A tankard in one hand, a buttock in the other, Squire Western superbly defines a type not quite extinct: the aboriginal Tory, John Bull in his own barnyard.

The portrait amuses but it also macerates. Richardson is angrier than Fielding was, and he sharpens the author's satire to a cruel point. His scenes in the London slums are brief but harrowingly Hogarthian; and Squire Western's hunt explains more powerfully than words could possibly explain the senselessness and horror of blood sport. Mile after mile the chase goes on: the running deer all terror and loveliness, the men and the dogs all grinning the same blank, murderous, animal grin. Then all at once the deer collapses. Blood in their eyes, the men and the dogs fall upon it together. They snarl and they slaver, they tear at its throat. Smeared scarlet, Squire Western screams, and out of the melee of blood and teeth he lifts in triumph suddenly the mild disastrous head.

Satire has seldom shown a more horrifying face. Nevertheless, in Richardson as in Fielding, satire is not the essence of what is said. The animal ferocity of *Tom Jones* is essentially an excess of animal spirits, of roaring ungovernable physical vitality. Vitality is what *Tom Jones* is really all about: the terrible vitality of Fielding's England, the primitive illimitable will to live the whole of life. You are a pack of dirty dogs, Fielding told his fellow men, but



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snooze, and the church clock counts the hours till teatime.

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then every dog will have his day. The great novelist saw all the slaverling horror of life and he laughed in its face. Live, he demanded mightily, live it all! And in its final frame the film demands the same. "Tomorrow," it cries in the name of its hero. "Tomorrow, do thy worst! I have lived today."

Egorooshka's Travels

The Steppe, when Anton Chekhov wrote about it in a tale as monotonous and mesmeric as the steppe itself, was in Russia. But times have changed. In this movie directed by Alberto Lattuada (*Tempest*), the steppe is in Yugoslavia and all its inhabitants speak Italian. Khrushchev & Co. may consider this a steppe in the wrong direction. But the literary crowd will applaud Lattuada's loyalty to Chekhov's plot: children who are old enough to read the subtitles

HENRY J. LATTUADA



DANIEL SPALLONE IN "STEPPE"
Life is one steppe after another.

will take the hero to their hearts; and Walt Disney will no doubt hate himself for not making the picture first.

The hero is a nine-year-old boy (Daniel Spallone) named Egorooshka who leaves home in the country and goes to school in the city. To get there, he makes a journey across the steppe and on the way accomplishes a lively passage from innocence to experience. First day out, the boy gazes in innocent wonder at every passing beetle, but life soon confronts him with a pack of savage dogs, with a peasant whose face is rotting away, with a wild young man who grabs him and hurls him into a deep river just for the hell of it.

Forced every day to face some kind of danger, the child swiftly loses his fear of it. One night, when two peasants put their quarrel to the knife, he rushes boldly between them and breaks up the fight. A day or two later, delirious with chills and fever, he stands up like a man to the terrors of the mind. Next morning he is well. Life, he discovers, is like the steppe. Every day is a journey, and the end of one journey is the beginning of the next. The big thing is to keep going.

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The Visiting Eye

CHALLENGE TO AFFLUENCE by Gunnar Myrdal. 172 pages. Pantheon. \$3.95.

Sometimes it has taken an imaginative outsider to see the U.S. plain. There were De Tocqueville and Lord Bryce, and in this century the Swedish Economist Gunnar Myrdal.

Twenty-six years ago, Myrdal was commissioned by the Carnegie Corporation to write a definitive study of the American Negro. Myrdal spent four



MYRDAL

An insight worth pondering.

years researching and writing and produced a masterpiece, *An American Dilemma*, which destroyed forever the comfortable white notion that separate could be equal. A pivotal book in the history of U.S. race relations, it influenced the Supreme Court decision outlawing segregation in the schools.

After he had completed his mammoth project, Myrdal went home to teach and write about international economics. This year he came back, took a hard look at America and declared that it had a new dilemma. The greatest problem in the world today, he asserts, is the near-stagnant U.S. economy.

"Utter Destitution." The American people, he writes, have too easily swallowed the Galbraithian notion that the U.S. has all the production it needs. Americans have become "defeatist" about their own economy and in the last decade have settled for one of the lowest rates of growth in the world, which Myrdal calculates at a meager 1%, a figure below the estimates of most other economists. Seven percent of the American people live in what Myrdal calls "utter destitution," e.g., individuals with an annual income under \$1,000, families with an annual income under \$2,000.

If the U.S. is having trouble with its foreign policy, it is largely because of its limping economy, writes Myrdal. The U.S. cannot persuade its allies of its policies because of its continuing balance of payments deficit. Some leadership is passing to the creditor nations of Europe—an ominous trend, thinks Myrdal, since he believes that democracy is not so firmly grounded in France, Germany or Italy as it is in the U.S.

To get the American economy moving again, Myrdal offers a familiar nostrum: the coordination of greater public spending with more long-range economic forecasting. But this, Myrdal insists, does not mean more federal controls over the economy. In fact, he feels that there is already far too much federal intervention in the day-to-day working of the American economy.

Hands-Off Policy. Too many economists, writes Myrdal, seem mesmerized by the French economy, which is heavily nationalized and regimented. Sweden, he suggests, should be their model instead. Both Swedish workers and employers have voluntarily formed central organizations for collective bargaining. These groups consider the national interest when they make price and wage agreements, and they have prevented the costly strikes that harass the U.S. economy. The Swedish government follows a strict hands-off policy; it has not even had to set a minimum wage. But Myrdal admits that the voluntarism that works for small Sweden, with a population less than New York City's, may not work for the sprawling U.S.

Myrdal is probably too pessimistic for most economists, and his proposals too far to the left for most Americans. But it is refreshing to find a member of the European Left who is not grouching about American power in the world. Myrdal wants to see more of it.

Bigger Than the Ritz

THE LETTERS OF F. SCOTT FITZGERALD edited by Andrew Turnbull. 615 pages. Scribner. \$10.

Scott Fitzgerald would today be forgotten as a Princetonian playboy who was a silly young man in a silly time—the '20s—were it not for the fact that he was a silly young man of genius. It was his genius to vibrate like a tuning fork to the music of his time. When the '20s died on Black Thursday of 1929 and the times went bad, Fitzgerald went sour with them. Although he wrote better, he was on the wrong note; having been monstrously overrewarded for his early tripe, he was cruelly undervalued when—after heroic effort—he made a fine novelist of himself.

One of his wonderfully open, eloquent and touching letters records his astonishment at learning that his old Princeton classmate, Edmund Wilson, a man whom he regarded as his literary

conscience, was suddenly to be heard expounding Marxist sociology. "Up Mallarmé!" was Fitzgerald's reaction to the dawn of a decade that was to be hostile to his esthetic creed.

Record of Defeats. "Poor Scott," as all his friends woundingly referred to him at one time or another, did not have mere bad luck. He drank, as he lived, generously, and this fact alone put him at a disadvantage with people. His early letters record his triumphs over the demon gin; his defeats were recorded by others. Because he was a famous young man, he could never anonymously fall down a flight of stairs or insult his hostess or make a howling clown of himself, because someone was always there industriously to record a momentary superiority to a man who had temporarily made an idiot of himself. He had the further bad fortune to be a romantic and, what is more, a romantic who was foolish enough to marry the heroine of his own novels. Scott's Zelda was the love object a worse and more prudent man would have rejected when the times tarnished. Fitzgerald stayed in love.

"Be proud and useful" was his advice to his beautiful daughter "Scottie." It was the fate of the father to be too proud by half, and to be praised for his faults rather than his virtues. These considerations lend a double pathos to the reading of his letters. He was rich; he was young and successful; and the dia-



FITZGERALD (1936)

A light worth life.

mond of his genius seemed as big as the Ritz. But the letters inexorably trace him to a Hollywood hotel where he worried about his weekly rent and Scottie's account at "Peck & Peck & Peck & Peck & Peck." He wondered aloud in letters to his agent, Harold Ober (who coldly cut off his credit), why the price of a Scott Fitzgerald story had gone down from \$3,500 to \$250. "Are they not worth more?" he asked.

They were, but he had pushed too



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Peninsula, the sea coast of Carmel and Monterey. To the East, the Bay Bridge leads you to Mt. Diablo and a view of 80,000 square miles. And to the West, the entire Pacific is at your feet.

The nights? If you can cover San Francisco's restaurants, stage plays, musicals, opera, ballet, symphony, jazz clubs, night clubs, and little theatres in less than a week—then my name isn't *Ray Bolger!*

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Dogged Devotion. Princeton, N.J., the Hotel Cecil, London, Villa Paqueta, Juan-les-Pins, France, La Paix, Rodger's Ford, Towson, Md., and the Garden of Allah Hotel, Hollywood, are the datelines of his letters, and they are printed by Editor Turnbull, who is also Fitzgerald's biographer, in the sensible fashion of grouping them with the people they were addressed to. Mostly they are to his mother, his daughter, his agent, his editor at Scribner (Maxwell Perkins), to his old Princeton pals, Wilson and John Peale Bishop. What shines through them all is his dogged devotion to his craft and to his friends.

The heart of Fitzgerald's dilemma in the world was that he understood that somehow his talent was involved with his neurosis. He did not "believe in psychoanalysis"; he was afraid that, if "cured," it would cost him his gift. There is tragic sincerity in his letter to John O'Hara that "the extinction of that light is much more to be dreaded than any material loss." This is not the letter of a weak man.

Lady Glum About Love

A MAN AND TWO WOMEN by Doris Lessing. 316 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$5.

Women are always serious about love, but Doris Lessing is more than serious—she is downright glum or defeatist. She writes about people broken in love with the doom-laden tones of a Thomas Hardy telling of the time of the breaking of nations.

The 19 stories in this collection are so many small tragedies. Far from being mere slices of life, or glimpses of fantasy or of psychological freaks, they demonstrate once again that the short story is not only for light jugglery. The publishers invoke the names of Mary McCarthy and Simone de Beauvoir to suggest the quality of Mrs. Lessing's talents, but she lacks the argumentativeness of either intellectual lady. She does not argue; she points. Only a theorem or a diagram could be as bare—or as indestructible—as her strongly jointed fictional essays.

In *One off the Short List*, the hero has declined from early literary promise into that well-padded asylum for mediocrity—BBC journalism. He decides to seduce Barbara Coles, a brilliant young stage designer. But it is a dreadful victory—an ego-shriveling comeuppance which Barbara achieves by 1) matching his rake's cold heart with cool and uncommitted bedroom expertise of her own, and 2) contemptuously letting him know that she considers him a vulgar interloper in her world of uncompromised talent.

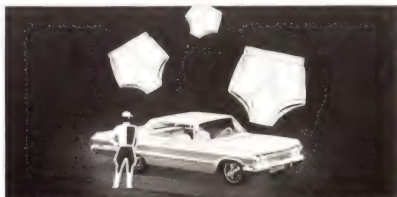
Each Other shows that Doris Lessing can write as well as accredited experts on the gymnastics of sexual love. It seems a commonplace enough story. A 19-year-old wife receives a lover in her

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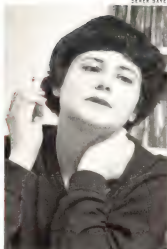


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DORIS LESSING

As bare as a theorem.

bed the moment her husband leaves for work. The difference—and what a difference it makes—is that the adulterers are sister and brother.

To *Room Nineteen* is one of the bleakest stories about a woman ever written. It takes the reader over 38 blunt, brutal pages through the life—and death by gas—of Susan Rawlings. She is a career woman who has married one of her own emancipated kind—a successful journalist. Step by step, she withdraws from her husband, her children, and finally the world itself. There are no hysterics or overt scenes of disorder or despair. She simply rents a shabby hotel room and secretly goes there certain days in every week as if to meet a lover, actually to be alone with her terrible madness.

There is death, the story says, not at the end of life but in its midst. Most pitiful of all people are those to whom a choice is offered and who doom themselves to the darkness.

In Praise of Pluralism

BEYOND THE MELTING POT by Nathan Glazer and Daniel Patrick Moynihan. 360 pages. M.I.T. Press and Harvard University Press. \$5.95.

In the great American melting pot—the theory goes—all ethnic groups lose their distinguishing characteristics and blend into a homogeneous whole. It is the argument of this provocative book that the melting pot has done very little melting. However much these groups may have changed over the years, they have retained their identity. They differ as much as they ever did—and the authors think that it is good that they do.

Glazer, the son of Jewish immigrants, and Moynihan, the grandson of Irish immigrants, write with a refreshing candor on a subject that is usually treated all too delicately: in fact, they are rather free with sweeping generalizations. They write compassionately of the problems

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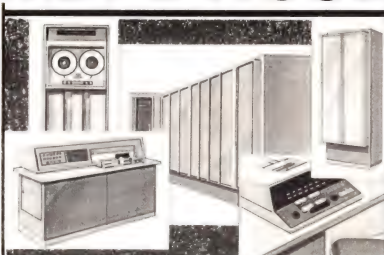
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minority groups have faced, but they forthrightly point out that many of those problems are compounded by each group's special characteristics.

The Negroes, for instance, face greater discrimination than any other group. Yet through no fault of their own, the years of slavery shaped the Negro character in a way that contributes to their difficulties. In the slavery economy, they were never able to learn even the rudiments of business, unlike even the poorest Europeans, who learned how to market their produce. Today the Negroes save too little, spend too much, and have developed fewer businesses than any other group. There are also more broken Negro homes—another legacy of slavery, argue the authors, when Negro families were broken up at the whim of their white masters. Negro parents have trouble controlling their children and keeping them in school. Because of skimpy education, Negroes have made small progress in the professions. In 1910, there were 3,400 Negro doctors in the U.S. In 1960, there were roughly 4,500.

Separation by Choice. The Puerto Ricans' problem is that their island is so close. They move back and forth between it and the mainland and thus keep their language, which in turn insures that they remain isolated (Spanish is more solidly established in New York City schools than Italian or Yiddish ever was). Migration is tough on Puerto Rican families: Mothers who had plenty of relatives to help with the children in Puerto Rico become hard pressed in New York. But Puerto Ricans have established 4,000 businesses in the city—more than the Negroes have—and they have formed a unique American community in which whites and Negroes can freely mingle and marry.

Though the Jews have scaled the social ladder faster than any other group, Gilizer and Moynihan believe that they remain a separate community. Today's middle- and upper-class Jews tend to live together as much as the first Jewish immigrants who crowded into the Lower East Side. Many of the suburbs where Jews have moved have become almost solidly Jewish. This is not so much a matter of discrimination as of choice. Jews are building more synagogues and parochial schools than ever.

The Italians' problem is an over-strong family structure, say the authors. Most of America's Italians have come from villages of Southern Italy and Sicily, and they brought their village ways with them. Family welfare comes before personal ambition. In this community's "topsy-turvy values," write the authors, a "bad" child is one who wants to leave home for an education. The "good" child stays home to help in the store. The ideal is someone like Frank Sinatra, "an international celebrity but still the bighearted, generous, unchanged boy from the block." The authors even argue that the Italian sense of family loyalty accounts for the fact

that Italians predominate in organized crime in New York City.

Too Long on One Rung. The Irish, who once ran New York City, now have a much-diminished voice in its affairs. It is true that many Irish have migrated to the suburbs, write the authors, but the Irish seem to have got stuck on one rung of the social ladder. They have too long enjoyed being ward heelers and policemen: "They seem to have ruined their talent by playing one role over and over until they could do little else." Another trouble is drink. A study showed the rate of alcoholism to be three times greater among the Irish than any other white group. It is more serious today because a manual laborer



MOYNIHAN IN MANHATTAN

Plenty of differences left in the pot.

could put in a day's work half loaded, but a doctor or a lawyer cannot.

Recent issues have also separated Irish Catholics from the rest of the community: federal aid to schools, the question of Communism. The Irish Catholic's indiscriminate anti-Communism seems to have been vindicated by later events, but it may not have been good for the Irish in the long run. During the McCarthy years, the authors write, "to be an Irish Catholic became *prima facie* evidence of loyalty. Harvard men were to be checked; Fordham men would do the checking. The disadvantage of this is that it put the Irish back on the force. It encouraged their tendency to be regular rather than creative."

All of these groups are and feel wholly American, but, the authors insist, they remain hyphenated Americans. Far from deploring this, the authors argue that these separate identities add to the richness of the national fabric. More than any European state, they write, the U.S. is a plural society where different groups and sections are always jockeying for position and prestige.

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TIME's job, in a world that gets more complex all the time, is to sort out the essential from the transitory, to get to the bottom of conflicting claims,

to pierce through the propaganda and the puffery, to try to get the facts right and to make the conclusions sound. (from TIME Publisher's Letter)

Regarde

THE BLUE LANTERN by Colette. 161 pages. Farrar, Straus. \$3.95.

The last word uttered by Sidonie Gabrielle Colette on her deathbed in Paris in 1954 was "regarde." To her, it meant to look, feel, wonder, accept, live. For all her 81 years she obeyed that injunction with an immense, daylight sense of reality and a pagan delight in the sensuous experiences that delivered the world to her mind and to the blue note paper on which she recorded it. *The Blue Lantern*, written between 1946 and 1948 and now translated into English for the first time, is Colette's last major work—a moving but unsentimental record of how it was with a poet of the senses whose senses were failing.

As she became progressively crippled with arthritis, Colette saw her world shrink to the dimensions of the cone of blue light thrown across her bed by an electric bulb shrouded in blue paper. She notices that the voices of the children outside in the Palais-Royal garden are not as loud as they once were. Her constant companion is pain—"pain ever young and active, instigator of astonishment, of anger, imposing its rhythm on me, provoking me to defy it"—but she will not blunt it, for pain, too, can be a boon to one with an "instinct for the game of life."

Scratched Belly. What is fascinating in *The Blue Lantern* is the way Colette's belief in the unity of all tangible things served to enlarge her shrunken world. Even the fire in the grate becomes "my guest and the work of my hands; like every other animal it enjoys having its belly scratched from underneath."

During those years beneath the blue lantern, Colette held court much as Proust did in his cork-lined room. Her blue eyes ringed with kohl, her curls carefully brushed over her immense forehead, she received friends sitting up in bed, nibbling garlic and sipping champagne. But she no longer wished to meet the young: "I rejected them. It is in the course of nature for declining strength to be scared of up-and-coming new forces. The children who write me letters lay claim to great timidity. But it is for those of my age to feel timidity, almost to the point of painful intensity."

Joyful Cry. As in her best books—Colette's bedside world in *The Blue Lantern* seems paradoxically always in motion, and she ends her remarkable book with a characteristic yes to her dwindling life: "I am still going to write; for me there is no other destiny. But when does writing have an end? What is the warning sign? A trembling of the hand? I used to think that with the completed book you raise the joyful cry 'Finished!' You clap your hands, only to find pouring from them grains of sand you believed to be precious. That is the moment when, in the figures inscribed by those grains of sand, you may read the words 'To be continued . . .'"

People in the Suburbs: Chicago

Go North, Young Man

During recent years, there has been a clear pattern to Chicago's industrial growth. Most of it has been to its northern parts. Light industry, in particular, has been developing in the northern suburbs where it has been easily absorbed in woods or landscaping—without upsetting the appeal of attractive residential areas. At the same time, new super expressways, tollways and commuter rail lines have directly linked these areas to Chicago's Loop.

Young executives, salesmen, research personnel—either employed in the new industrial sites or in the offices of Chicago's Loop—have been going north to live. Westbrook Farms, in Wheeling, is a remarkable example of this trend.

No Secrets—Just Sales

Only 2 years old, this residential community was developed within the 100-year old village of Wheeling by an engineer-turned builder—Dick Brown. Young himself (Dick is 39), he spent considerable time before opening Westbrook Farms, compiling building plans, examining site locations, with the hope of finding an answer to the housing needs of young, middle income families. A "near perfect suburban community" was his goal and he seems to have built it.



DICK BROWN,
PRESIDENT OF WESTBROOK FARMS
An engineer-turned-builder

With sales moving at an amazing rate, Dick explains his success quite simply, "There has been no special secret to it. We just gave the people what they wanted—the right combination of good home values and a good community." But what he has actually done, *less simply*, is to provide families with the important things they have not been able to find in many other places... a suburban setting with city conveniences, clean, attractive outdoor play areas for their children and a community of neighbors eager to share a more satisfying life.

Everything... in Walking Distance

Dick Brown refers to his Westbrook Farms as the suburb "where you don't need a second car." Residents are within walking distance of a new grammar school, a new junior high school, a new Medical Center and a local shopping center. An 18-hole golf course is right next door. A Cabana Club is soon to be built in Westbrook Farms which will have an Olympic-size pool, bath-houses and tennis courts. In addition to these "walk-to" conveniences, residents can go swimming, horseback riding, bowling, just a few minutes from their homes.

Since the working suburbanite is generally a commuter, this points up one of the special attractions of Westbrook Farms. Its ideal location provides residents with excellent transportation. They can drive in 35 minutes, on toll-free expressways, to Chicago's Loop or travel on modern air conditioned commuter trains or buses in even less time.

No "Development" Look

Westbrook Farms has successfully avoided the "look-alike" dreariness of so many suburban developments. From street to street and along each street, homes vary in color, design and individual touches. The soft, warm glow of gas lights adds to Westbrook Farms' attractive setting. Gas, in fact, has been very important. Each home has been designed and built to meet



18 HOLES AT YOUR DOORSTEP
... and only 35 minutes to Chicago's Loop

the high standards recommended by the Northern Illinois Gas Company's program of "Penny Flame Homes"—providing homeowners with the economy of gas heat, plus other conveniences and economy features.

Treadmill to Oblivion

On the subject of renting versus home-ownership, Dick Brown has some very positive thoughts. They are, perhaps, more strong reasons for the growth of Westbrook Farms. According to Brown, "A good home is still the best investment a family can make. People who remain on the *renting treadmill*—well, in the years ahead, all they'll have to show for it are thousands of dollars of worthless rent receipts!"

The Price is Right

Moderate price is the rule at Westbrook Farms, beginning at \$16,990 and ranging through the middle twenties. No down payment financing is available to qualified buyers. Monthly payments, which include principal and interest, are from \$94.26—probably less than many families are currently paying for rent!

"With Westbrook Farms' wide selection of home styles," says Dick Brown, "it is unlikely that a middle income family can't find what they want in a home here." Buyers seem to be agreeing with him.



THE GLOW OF GAS LAMPS

... mark gas equipped homes in Westbrook Farms. Modern gas cooking appliances, gas dryers, gas water heaters, gas heating systems—are among the very popular features that make home sales here.

Westbrook Farms

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